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*History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth.* By William Robertson, D.D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication.* By W. H. Prescott. 2 vols. Routledge & Co.

Robertson was unquestionably least in the trinity of historians—Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson—who flourished together. He possessed less learning, less colour, less dramatic force than the author of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'—less strength and less philosophy than the author of our only 'History of England.' Yet his merits were considerable. He had industry, zeal, patience, and integrity,—much moderation of spirit—"I look upon you as a very moderate Whig," said the wicked Walpole),—and a cold, clear, readable style. Towards the end of a century from the first appearance of his historical writings in print, it is something to say they are not yet wholly superseded.

Of the three works on which Robertson built his fame—'The History of Scotland,' 'The History of Charles the Fifth,' and 'The History of America'—the second has the fewest faults and the greatest inherent vitality. Laing and Tytler have dispossessed Robertson of the glory of being considered the historian of his own country; as other and more industrious writers may by-and-by dispossess Laing and Tytler. Southey and Prescott make us very willing to forget 'The History of America,' which Burke praised so magnificently and so undeservedly in his day. But the story of Charles the Fifth, as told by Robertson—"composed," said David Hume, "with nobleness, with dignity, with elegance and with judgment to which there are few equals"—is still read with pleasure, in spite of unsparring German and French criticism on its merits; and it has now received from Mr. Prescott, the highest living authority on such a subject, a compliment more practical than that of Hume, and which secures to it another century of life.

The story of Charles after his abdication, so tamely hinted by Robertson, has been often told in recent times,—most notably by Mr. Stirling in his 'Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth,'—by M. Amédée Pichot in his 'Chronique de Charles Quint,'—by M. Mignet in his 'Charles Quint: son Abdication, son Séjour, et sa Mort au Monastère de Yuste,'—and by M. Gachard in his 'Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint.' Mr. Prescott has had the advantage of using all these writers for the four books of history which he has added to Robertson's work. But his supplement is not a mere condensation of ampler details supplied by others: on the contrary, it is original in form, purpose, and (to some extent) material. Mr. Prescott uses without abusing the rights of a later writer. For example, Mr. Stirling's 'Cloister Life' is a piece of private romance, which grew out of a sentimental passion, born of a visit to Yuste,—and the charm of which lies in its being unlike any biography or any history, and the interest of which no regular narrative, however true and bright, can wholly take away. Mr. Prescott, on the other side, while gracefully yielding all the merits of the work, parts from it as not sufficiently historical, and justifies the parting. In 'Cloister Life' we have beside us the monk of Yuste, "Brother Charles," the reader and translator, the clock-maker, the gardener, the penitent, and the glutton. Mr. Prescott shows us that this was only part of the rôle of this extraordinary actor; and while he leaves the reader to enjoy the delicious scenes and humorous pictures

drawn by the English artist, he shows us this translator of bad verses writing state despatches of the utmost moment,—this admirer of clock-work directing sieges and campaigns,—this gluttonous eater of game and fish controlling the finances of half Europe, feeding armies that would otherwise have starved, devouring news with the avidity of youth, receiving messengers from foreign princes, and issuing decrees in right regal style. In Mr. Stirling's volume Yuste is a by-path of history, in Mr. Prescott's it is the highway.

In conformity with his idea that the retreat at Yuste was properly a part of the history of Europe in the sixteenth century, Mr. Prescott takes up his hero in Flanders and describes the ceremony of his abdication. From Flanders he sailed to Spain.—

"The Emperor's cabin, which was on the upper deck, consisted of two large apartments, and two smaller rooms or cabinets. It was furnished with eight windows, which commanded views in every direction. The wood-work was curiously carved, and hung with green drapery. The bed, as well as some of the heavier arm-chairs, was suspended by ropes from the ceiling, that the Emperor's gouty limbs might be as little incommoded as possible by the motion of the vessel. On the same deck accommodations were provided for some of his principal attendants; while below, ample space was allotted to the royal kitchen, and to the larder, which was bountifully supplied with stores for the voyage."

The larder, wherever Charles travelled, was the chief care of his household; for this prince, who ruled with iron sway over one half of Europe, was perhaps the greatest glutton in his dominions. Indeed, mean as it may sound in romantic ears, the Cæsars have commonly been fearful eaters. Not to fall back on Suetonius and the Twelve, Louis the Fourteenth and Frederick the Great are as conspicuous examples of blended gluttony and greatness as Charles the Fifth. Napoleon was also a great eater. Mr. Prescott tells an illustrative anecdote of this imperial weakness in Charles.—

"A Venetian envoy at his court, in the latter part of Charles's reign, tells us that, before rising in the morning, potted capon was usually served to him, prepared with sugar, milk, and spices; after which he would turn to sleep again. At noon he dined on a variety of dishes. Soon after vespers he took another meal, and later in the evening supped heartily on anchovies, or some other gross and savoury food, of which he was particularly fond. The invention of his cooks was sorely puzzled how to devise rich and high-seasoned dishes to suit his palate; and his *maître d'hôtel*, much perplexed, told his discontented master one day, knowing his passion for time-pieces, that 'he really did not know what he could do, unless it were to serve up his majesty a fricassee of watches.' The reply had the effect of provoking a hearty laugh from the Emperor,—a circumstance of rare occurrence in the latter days of his reign."

When the larder had been filled and the household got on board, the winds blew contrary for some days. At last the fleet got under way, and an opportunity occurs for a pictorial passage.—

"It was on the 7th of September, 1517, thirty-nine years before this, that Charles had quitted these same shores on a visit to Spain, whither he was going to receive the rich inheritance which had descended to him from his grand-parents, Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. He was then in the morning of life, just entering on a career as splendid as ever opened to young ambition. How different must have been the reflections which now crowded on his mind, as with wasted health, and spirits sorely depressed, he embarked on the same voyage! He had run the race of glory, had won the prize, and found that all was vanity. He was now returning to the goal whence he had started, anxious only to reach some quiet spot where he might lay down his weary limbs and be at rest."

As a rule Mr. Prescott sets his face against these "points," as an actor would call them. He robs us, by authority of his knowledge, of many a picturesque legend, such as the monks loved to invent and the painters to work in colours. He will insist on proofs. He will believe nothing on trust, however pleasant. Of course we find no fault with a writer for his severe rejection of evidence. But occasionally he may go too far. Thus, when Charles landed,—

"Scarcely had he set foot on shore when the wind freshened into a tempest, which scattered his little navy, compelling the ship bearing the queens to take refuge in the neighbouring port of Santander, and doing much damage to some merchant-vessels off the coast, one of which, with its crew on board, went to the bottom. This disaster is so far embellished by the chroniclers of the time, that, giving a touch of the marvellous to the account, they represent the lost ship to have been the Emperor's, and that it went down as soon as he had left it. If this were so, it would be still more marvellous that no allusion to the circumstance should be found in any of the letters—of which we have several—from members of Charles's household while at Laredo. As little do we find mention made of another extraordinary circumstance reported by the historians, who tell us that the Emperor, on landing, prostrated himself on the earth, exclaiming, 'O thou common mother of mankind, naked came I from thy bosom, and naked I return to it.' The incident, however edifying in the moral it may convey, has no better foundation than the invention of writers, who, far removed from the scene of action, and ignorant of what really took place there, were willing, by the exhibition of startling contrasts, to stimulate the imagination of their readers."

Probably Mr. Prescott is right. The going down of the ship the moment Charles was safe is a dramatic incident naturally dear to the monkish imagination, and very like the daily experience of life in romances and in theatres. The prostration of the monarch is more natural and characteristic, and although it is unmentioned in the letters from the spot, may nevertheless have been true. How many facts escape notice in letters? The most voluminous writers of letters must omit nine-tenths of their story. Walpole has not exhausted the scandal of his time. Every visitor at a foreign capital will tell you stories never chronicled by "our own Correspondent." And if Charles did not throw himself on the ground and exclaim "O thou," &c., we can only say that he ought to have done so. Another favourite anecdote is brushed away with as little remorse.—

"Charles had a passion for timepieces, though one might have thought that he would have cared little for the precise measurement of the hours as they glided away in the monotonous routine of the monastery. The difficulty which he found in adjusting his clocks and watches is said to have drawn from the monarch a philosophical reflection on the absurdity of his having attempted to bring men to anything like uniformity of belief in matters of faith, when he could not make any two of his timepieces agree with each other. But that he never reached the degree of philosophy required for such a reflection, is abundantly shown by more than one sentiment that fell from his pen, as well as his lips, during his residence at Yuste."

Against this easy way of obliterating the "moral" of Charles's cloister life many persons will protest. The watch story is a very pretty story, and if it be no more than an invention, it displays at least an excellent genius in the man who made it. If Charles did not draw such a reflection from his failure to make his clocks keep time, we repeat—he ought to have done so.

When Charles arrives at Yuste we have a picture of the place, brightly and softly tinted: the landscape warm and southern.—

"The rooms lay open to the sun, and looked

pleasantly down upon the garden. Here the vines, clambering up the walls, hung their coloured tassels around the casements, and the white blossoms of the orange-trees, as they were shaken by the breeze, filled the apartment with delicious odours. From the windows the eye of the monarch ranged over a magnificent prospect. Far above rose the bold peaks of the sierra, dark with its forests of chestnut and oak, while below, for many a league, was spread out the luxuriant savanna, like a sea of verdure, its gay colours contrasting with the savage character of the scenery that surrounded it. Charles, who had an eye for the beautiful in nature as well as in art, loved to gaze upon this landscape; and in the afternoon he would frequently take his seat in the western gallery, when warm with the rays of the declining sun, as it was sinking in glory behind the mountains.

We have also a glance at the household, full of interest and picture. The chief of the Imperial household was Quixada—a fine specimen of the major-domo of the sixteenth century—proud, honest, clear-sighted, faithful, and fertile in resources.

“Charles entrusted to his care his illegitimate son, Don John of Austria, the famous hero of Lepanto, when a child of three years of age, at the same time confiding to Quixada the secret of his birth. The major-domo was married to Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, a lady of illustrious lineage, which she graced by virtues so rare as to be commemorated in a special biography, that has expanded into a respectable quarto under the hands of one of her countrymen. Doña Magdalena took the boy to her home and her heart, supposing him the fruit of some early amour of her lord's, previous to his marriage. Quixada did not think proper to undeceive the kind-hearted lady, and faithfully kept the perilous secret, which he may have thought was the Emperor's secret rather than his own. Under her maternal care the young hero, who always regarded his foster-mother with grateful affection, was carefully trained in those accomplishments which fitted him for the brilliant career on which he was afterwards to enter.”

Among the visitors who came to Yuste the most conspicuous perhaps for character was the celebrated warrior, writer, and monk, Francisco de Borja—formerly Duke of Gandia, afterwards General of the Order of Jesus,—a man whose story closely resembled in its main lines the story of Charles himself. Mr. Prescott says:

“Born in the highest rank of the Spanish aristocracy, he had early shown himself to be possessed of those refined and elegant accomplishments which in a rough age are less frequently to be found than the talents of the soldier or the statesman. But these talents also he possessed in an eminent degree. Charles, quick to discern merit in the meanest of his subjects, was not likely to be blind to it in one whose birth placed him in so conspicuous a position; and he testified his confidence in Borja by raising him to offices of the highest trust and consideration. But although the latter fully justified his sovereign's favour by the ability with which he filled these offices, his heart was not in his business. An intense devotional feeling had taken possession of his soul. He became weary of the world and its vanities, and he proposed to abjure them, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the great work of his salvation. With his master's consent, at the age of thirty-seven, he resigned his ducal title and his large possessions to his eldest son, and entered the Society of Jesus, which, then in its infancy, had given slender augury of the magnificent fortunes that awaited it. Here the austerity of his life, the generous sacrifice he had made of worldly honours, and the indefatigable zeal which he displayed in carrying out the objects of the institution, gained him a reputation for sanctity that fell little short of that of Ignatius Loyola himself, the founder of the Jesuits. In time he became general of the order, being the third who filled that post; and there was probably no one of its members who did more to establish the reputation of the society, or to open the way to that pre-eminence which it afterwards enjoyed among the religious communities of Christendom.”

Charles never rose into the spiritual fervour of his old companion. The Jesuit was spare of

food, but Charles ate and drank more copiously as his body swelled and spotted with disease.—

“It must have been no easy matter for the secretary to preserve his gravity in the perusal of despatches in which politics and gastronomy were so strangely mixed together. The courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to make a *détour*, so as to take Jarandilla in his route, and bring supplies for the royal table. On Thursdays he was to bring fish to serve for the *jour maigre* that was to follow. The trout in the neighbourhood Charles thought too small; so others, of a larger size, were to be sent from Valladolid. Fish of every kind was to his taste, as, indeed, was anything that in its nature or habits at all approached to fish. Eels, frogs, oysters, occupied an important place in the royal bill of fare. Potted fish, especially anchovies, found great favour with him; and he regretted that he had not brought a better supply of these from the Low Countries. On an eel-pasty he particularly doted. Good supplies of these savoury abominations were furnished, from time to time, from the capital, by his daughter, who thus made amends for the remissness which, according to Gaztelu, she had shown in supplying the Emperor's table on his journey through the country. Soles, lampreys, flounders, came in great quantities from Seville and Portugal. The country round Jarandilla furnished *pièces de résistance*, in the form of pork and mutton, for the Emperor's table. Game, also, was to be had in abundance. He had a lively recollection, however, of some partridges, from a place belonging to the Count of Ossorno, formerly sent to him in Flanders. The major-domo ordered some to be procured from the same quarter now. But Charles remarked ‘they did not taste now as they had formerly tasted.’ The olives of Estremadura were too large and coarse for his liking. Repeated directions were given to procure supplies from Perejon, the trader who had furnished some of a smaller and more delicate kind, and to obtain from him, if possible, the receipt for pickling them. One might have thought that the land of pork, in which, as we have seen, Charles was living, would be that of sausages; but he had not forgotten those which his mother, ‘now in glory,’ was in the habit of having made for herself in Tordeillas. There the Secretary of State was directed to apply for some. In case he failed in that quarter, he could easily obtain a receipt for making them from the kitchen of the Marquis of Denia. Unfortunately, as the major-domo laments, the sausages did not reach Jarandilla till Thursday night; and, as they could not by any construction come into the category of fish, the Emperor was obliged to defer his addresses to them for four-and-twenty hours at least; possibly much longer, as the next letter records a sharp attack of gout.”

Such was the hero behind the scenes! But, as Mr. Prescott conclusively shows, Charles's gluttony scarcely interrupted his attention to politics. His eye seemed to be everywhere,—in Africa, in Germany, in Flanders, as well as in Italy and Spain.—

“Spain was at that time engaged in a war with Paul the Fourth, a pontiff who, emulating the belligerent spirit of Julius the Second, converted his crozier into a sword, and vowed to drive the barbarians out of Italy. Charles listened with the deepest interest to the accounts furnished him from time to time of the war, and of the victorious career of the Duke of Alva. When Gaztelu had finished reading, he would ask, ‘Is there nothing more?’ But when he heard of the truce made by the Spanish commander at the very time when the fate of Rome seemed to hang upon his sword, Charles's indignation knew no bounds. He would not so much as listen to the terms of the treaty, as his secretary tells us. ‘It was only giving time to the French,’ he said, ‘to unite their forces with those of the Pope,’ muttering other things between his teeth, not easy to be understood. He delivered his mind freely on the subject, in his letters both to Philip and Joanna. When the French war soon after broke out, he wrote in the most pressing manner to his daughter, urging the necessity of placing the frontiers, especially Navarre, in the best state of defence. He admonished her to strengthen the fleet on the coasts, to pay off the debt due to the German bankers, that the credit of the country, so important at such a crisis, might be maintained, and to provide for the

security of the African possessions,—for that of Oran in particular, which, with a prophetic eye, he pointed out as a probable place of attack; ‘and were this to be lost,’ he added ‘I should desire not to be in Spain, nor the Indies, nor anywhere on earth where tidings of an event so disastrous to the king and to the monarchy could ever reach me.’”

When affairs went wrong in Flanders Charles allowed it to be whispered in the enemy's camps that the Emperor meant to resume his command of the army,—and the mere threat weighed on the councils of France like a reinforcement. But his experience was chiefly of use in raising money, which he raised with his characteristic energy.—

“The Emperor (faithful to his engagements), caused letters to be written—occasionally, when his fingers were in condition for it, writing with his own hand—to his daughter, the Regent, and to her secretary, Vasquez. In these he indicated the places to be defended, the troops to be raised, and the best mode of providing the funds. He especially recommended a benevolence from the clergy, and made application himself to some of the great dignitaries of the church. By these means considerable sums were raised, and remittances, under his vigorous direction, were forthwith made to the Duke of Alva, who was thus enabled to prosecute the Italian campaign with vigour.”

Charles, however much he loved to dash into his son's councils, enjoyed his life at Yuste too well to dream of leaving his retreat for the vexation of dominion. Eating, reading, gardening, his time passed easily; though leisure and religious rites never softened the ferocity of his disposition. His life had been passed in wars against the Reformed religion; and treaties had bound him to respect the rights of men he could not conquer or convert. Yet he never forgave the Reformers, and the mere word “Reformation” drove him into fits of rage. When he heard a whisper in his retreat that the doctrines of Luther had crowned the Pyrenees, and that heretics had appeared in the streets of Valladolid, he set the bloodhounds of the Holy Office to hunt them down and tear them to pieces.—

“On the 3rd of May, he wrote to his daughter Joanna: ‘Tell the grand inquisitor and his councils from me, to be at their posts, and to lay the axe at the root of the evil before it spreads further. I rely on your zeal for bringing the guilty to trial, and for having them punished, without favour to any one, with all the severity that their crimes demand.’ In another letter, written three weeks later, he says: ‘If I had not entire confidence that you would do your duty, and arrest the evil at once, by chastising the guilty in good earnest, I know not how I could help leaving the monastery and taking the remedy into my own hands.’ He expressed a doubt whether it would not be well, in so black an affair, to dispense with the ordinary course of justice, and to show no mercy; ‘lest the criminal, if pardoned, should have the opportunity of repeating his crime.’ He recommended, as an example, his own mode of proceeding in the Netherlands, ‘where all who remained obstinate in their errors were burned alive, and those who were admitted to penitence were beheaded.’”

We gladly turn from this picture of a frantic old man—one foot already in the grave—shouting for the rack and the faggot. Charles loved Art and artists; and, happily for his fame, he had taste enough to comprehend and employ the genius of Titian. The gallery at Yuste contained few pictures, but these few were precious.—

“The gems of the collection were eight paintings from the pencil of Titian. Charles was a true lover of art, and, for a crowned head, no contemptible connoisseur. He fully appreciated the merits of the great Venetian, had him often near his person at the court, and at all times delighted to do homage to his genius. There is a story that, on one occasion, the monarch picked up a pencil which Titian had dropped while painting, and restored it to him, saying that ‘so great an artist should be served by



an emperor.' This is too like some well-attested anecdotes of Charles to be rejected as altogether improbable. However this may be, he showed his estimation of the artist by conferring on him the honour of knighthood, and by assigning him a yearly pension on the revenues of Naples, of two hundred gold crowns. He may be thought to have done some violence to his nature, moreover, by never paying him a less sum than eight hundred crowns for each of his portraits. There were several of himself at Yuste, from the hand of Titian; one a full-length, representing the emperor in complete mail. He was painted many times by the Venetian artist; for it was by his pencil that he desired his likeness should be transmitted to posterity. He had his wish. Some of these portraits are among the best productions of Italian art; and the emperor lives immortal on the canvas of Titian, no less than in the pages of history. There are several pictures also of the empress by the same master; and others of Philip and the different members of the royal family. But the most remarkable in the collection, and one that Charles had caused to be painted a few years before, that he might take it with him to his retreat, was the celebrated 'Gloria,' in which he appears with the empress in the midst of the heavenly host, and supported by angels, in an attitude of solemn adoration. This superb picture, which, after the monarch's death, accompanied his remains to the Escorial, is reported by tradition to have been placed over the great altar in the church of Yuste. That this was the case is rendered probable by the size of the painting, which made it better suited to a church than a private apartment. In the space above the altar, Charles could, moreover, readily see it through the window of his chamber; and, from his sick-bed, his eyes might still rest on the features of the sainted being who had been dearest to him on earth.

The Emperor's reading in his retreat consisted chiefly of his despatches—news from the living, not from the past world. History found no favour in his eyes. He read Cæsar in translation; but he preferred Avila to all other historians. Charles, nevertheless, was not above literary trifling.

"The work which had the greatest interest for the monarch was a French poem, 'Le Chevalier Delibéré,' which had great success in its day. It was chiefly devoted to celebrating the glories of the house of Burgundy, and especially that prince of fire-eaters, Charles the Bold. The emperor, pleased with the work, and the more so, no doubt, that it commemorated the achievements of his own ancestral line, had formerly amused his leisure hours by turning it into Spanish. He afterwards employed his chamberlain, William Van Male, to revise it, and correct the style for him. Thus purified, it was handed over to a poet of the court, named Acuña, who forthwith did it into set Castilian verse."

Charles only wanted style and genius to become a second Cæsar. He wrote Memoirs of his own Life, and ordered a translation to be made by Van Male, into Latin, in "a style which should combine the separate merits of Tacitus, Livy, Suetonius, and Cæsar." But the work is not known, and probably it was destroyed by Philip—a great destroyer of documents!

After writing and quoting so much from these new books of European history, we scarcely need to add, that they are most carefully written, in Mr. Prescott's best manner, and will attract all serious readers.

*A Manual of Domestic Economy; suited to Families spending from £100 to £1,000 a year. Including Directions for the Management of the Nursery and Sick-room, and the Preparation and Administration of Domestic Remedies.* By J. H. Walsh. Assisted in various Departments by a Committee of Ladies. Illustrated with more than 200 Engravings. Routledge & Co.

Economy is one of three sisters, of whom the other, and less reputable, two are Avarice and Prodigality. She alone keeps the safe

and straight path, while Avarice sneers at her as profuse, and Prodigality scorns her as penurious. To the poor she is indispensable; to those of moderate means she is found the representative of Wisdom; and although some moralist has said that, at the hearth of the opulent, Economy takes the form of a vice, she is perhaps as great a virtue there as she is elsewhere. Her very name signifies the law or rule of a house, and her presence is as much required in the palace as in the cottage. The prince who despises her and outruns his means, is at once slave and knave. The honest man who lives within his income, and owes no man anything, is your only true king. It is he alone who makes the golden discovery, that Economy is the mother of Liberality—a relationship which Madame Geoffrin was wont to pleasantly acknowledge and totally disregard. Is it not Cicero who somewhere remarks, that economy is a princely income? Seneca, too, insists, that this same economy makes a poor man rich; but this sage was liable to stretch his maxims till they cracked, and we are not disposed to hold with him that Diogenes was wise when he put himself into an incapacity of losing anything. To us it has always appeared that the tub of the cynic was the worst-ruled house of its day. Economy is an excellent virtue, no doubt; but, like all other virtues, it must be applied with prudence, or it will turn into a folly or a vice. In the olden time there were sumptuary laws which, while they attached a penalty to extravagance, set a fine on the man who let a year pass by without asking a friend to dinner.

For the purpose of instructing people how most wisely to lay out that which, by honest men, is so difficult to acquire—namely, money—Mr. Walsh and his Committee of Ladies have prepared this volume of above seven hundred closely-printed, double-columned pages. Their field of labour is one of very broad extent. They begin by informing us how to buy or build houses, and to furnish them appropriately after they have been erected. There is much said on localify, outer aspect, and internal comfort. Nothing on these and cognate matters is left without notice, and we have only to regret that much valuable information is packed into a type so very minute as to half-blind the reader, and to delight an oculist, to whom such books send countless patients. Mr. Walsh and his fair co-adjutrices have compiled an Encyclopædia on Economy; but they have forgotten the economy of sight. They tell us an infinite deal of what the eyes can and cannot do; but they are silent as to what they ought not to do. It would need the millions of aids and appliances which are said to belong to the marvellous eye of the cod-fish to read this book for an hour, without feeling in the condition of those bad authors who, according to the German legend, are to be condemned in a future limbo to have their heads pelted with type, till they are half-blind and quite senseless.

Having built and furnished the house according to the various means of divers tenants, Mr. Walsh and his Committee of Ladies stock the mansion with an imposing array of servants, and they lecture both "helps" and masters on their respective duties. The lecture may be read with profit by means of a good glass; but we cannot help thinking that, in most cases, the master has by far the worst of it. He is often the victim of faithless or indifferent servants, but he is also occasionally the slave of old and trustworthy servants. There are no greater tyrants in a household than these. They contrive at the same moment to render service, and to be an annoyance; they will earn our respect, and are for ever provoking our ire. We pay a

large price for fidelity, by the sacrifice of independence. After all, the sacrifice is worth making. A blister is exceedingly unpleasant, but the remedy may save a man from many a worse evil.

With a house or houses thus mounted—and the appointments of some of them might gain the condescending approval of the most majestic butler that ever exacted discount and drank claret,—the "supplies" of the house are then narrowly looked into, and the statistics connected therewith are laid before us in a fullness that will charm those who are fond of such details. Between a dissertation on 'Home Manufactures' (among which we encounter pigs, mutton and dairy-maids), and on the maintenance of health by proper cookery, we have a lecture on the natural Economy of Man, as affected by his artificial habits. Mr. Walsh had just spread the table for a banquet; but before he appears at the drawing-room door with the ordinary intimation, "*Ces Messieurs sont servis*," he calls the company into their respective dressing-rooms, strips them to the skin, and explains to them the nature of the skeleton and its uses; utters profound but not very novel things on the muscular and nervous systems; talks lengthily to people of sharp appetites, of the organs of digestion and assimilation, of the circulation of the blood, the organs of reproduction, investment and sense, and concluding with some pleasant remarks on the matter of "fat," at length sends his guests to the dining-room. There they behold a board laden with rich mercies, and are at once profusely fed and profoundly instructed. The maxims on health very naturally follow a century of pages devoted to gastronomic subjects; and this being done, Mr. Walsh furnishes his friends with water, combs and tooth-brushes—bids them "good night"—but leaves the "Committee of Ladies" still sitting up, to have a little gossip among themselves. With wonderful assiduity and intelligibility do they exercise their prerogative and enjoy their privileges. How they do talk upon the "Lying-in room," its mysteries, the management of mothers and infants, and the not less difficult questions connected with "the nursery-maid and her utensils." But we come at length to the end of a month's experience—and more, in this locality; and we are not sorry to hear the "horses and carriages" now ordered to the door. We not only take sundry gallops and various drives, but learn much as we pass along on the subject of steeds and vehicles; and this so agreeably that, on returning to the house, we hardly object to be slightly bored by a didactic shower of paragraphs on the social duties of the heads of families to themselves, their neighbours, and the poor. There is a moral in the closing chapter, which deals largely with diseases and their treatment. It is not a lively conclusion, but it is not inappropriate. Mr. Walsh's last word is on poisons; and having thus approximated his *convives* to a familiarity with Death, he leaves the subject of the Undertaker to be sought for in that useful manual, the 'Book of Trades.'

As a sample of what is contained in Mr. Walsh's overflowing bushel, the following passage is as appropriate as anything we can find. It refers to the subject of visits among intimate friends:—

"Among blood relations, or with those friends who are more than usually intimate, a considerable relaxation from the ordinary rules of society is often practised. This, however, demands great caution, as there are many people in the world who prefer keeping up their full allowance of dignity under all circumstances. In the last century, it was usual for the children to show a much greater amount of outward respect to their parents than is now often seen, and no son ever thought of addressing his

father without attaching the ceremonious 'Sir' to the end of each sentence. Perhaps the present system is carried too far in an opposite direction, and certainly it is the fact, that the children's comfort and happiness appear to be thought of first, both by the elder and younger branches of most families, which is scarcely fair, because if the parents are to be admired for their absence of selfishness, the children ought to reciprocate the feeling by doing all in their power to return the kindness and thoughtfulness bestowed upon them. It may, therefore, be said that, as in court etiquette, so in that relating to the intercourse of families among themselves, there is a very great relaxation of the old-fashioned code. Indeed the general practice is, that members of the same family meet together when and where they please, calling upon each other at all hours, and on any days, and in fact being guided by no laws but those of kindness towards each other. It is very delightful when this family compact can be indulged in without any drawback, but sometimes it leads to abuse, from the excessive intimacy ending in weariness, or in disputes resulting from childish quarrels about trifles. For this reason, in some families, it is thought better to meet on nearly the same terms as in ordinary society, and thus to avoid those occasions of quarrel which excessive intimacy is apt to produce. Beyond blood relations, I am strongly inclined to doubt the advantage of any intimacy carried so far as to dispense with the ordinary forms, which will be presently described."

Like many other books, this work would have been better had it been shorter. There are many pages which remind us of the gentleman in Churchill's 'Night' with "ten thousand mighty nothings in his face." Instead of these, there was ample opportunity for a good chapter on the subject of the *reality* of hosts as well as the dinners provided by them. Recent events have shown that a guest may fancy himself at the board of the most spotless of wealthy entertainers, yet have no more idea of banquetting on viands bought by stolen money, than a man in Ely Place, Holborn, has of his being,—not in London, but in Cambridgeshire,—of which county that locality really forms a fragmentary portion. Too much space, also, is devoted to things of small value. Not that we would under-estimate even these, for we remember with respect and admiration that Mr. Greenwood, the father of the geologist, made 180,000*l.* by the manufacture of lozenges.

*Letter from W. S. Landor to R. W. Emerson.*  
Bath, Williams.

Mr. Emerson, as our readers know, lately touched Mr. Landor with his lance. The hurt was not serious—a mere touch-and-go that scarce drew blood—but a prick rouses the war-horse, and the literary veteran leaps into the arena, brandishing his weapon, and ready to break a spear with his adversary, and make sport for the literary Philistines. That the sport is excellent sport, we need not say. Mr. Landor cannot be angry without being amusing. At first, he seems to be in perfect humour,—he makes a knightly obeisance to the spectators,—and shakes hands with his assailant. But the exercise of arms inflames his spirits,—the flash of steel dazzles his eyes,—and as the blood swells into his heart, and his hands swing with unwonted strength, he lays on right and left, hitting vigorously at all who come in his way. When such a combatant is in the field, who will not like to see the jousting?

To drop the metaphor:—Mr. Landor's gossip on Life, Art, Manners, and Men—for his reply to Mr. Emerson's rather flippant remarks in 'English Traits' runs over all the space from Plato to Puerio—has the pungency, the hyssop, and the strength of his best writings in his best time. That the individuality—the Landorism—is not less apparent in this new explosion of glorious mirth and Cyclopean humour than

in former writings from the same daring pen the reader shall see. What, for example, does the reader think of the following comparison between Goethe and Mr. Landor, in which the preference is given very decidedly to Mr. Landor himself? The writer is speaking of Southey, and of Southey's recognition of his youth-poem, 'Gebir.'—

"In the letters now edited by Mr. Warton, I find that in the *Whitehaven Journal* there was inserted a criticism, in which, on the strength of this poem, I am compared and preferred to Goethe. I am not too much elated. Neither in my youthful days nor in any other have I thrown upon the world such trash as 'Werter' and 'Wilhelm Meister,' nor flavoured my poetry with the corrugated spicery of metaphysics. Nor could he have written in a lifetime any twenty, in a hundred or thereabout, of my 'Imaginary Conversations.'"

Mr. Landor admits that he has been envious; and the confession of this sin, coming from an aged gentleman, seated at right on one of the very highest peaks of literature, is exceedingly droll and pleasant. "I never envied," says Mr. Landor, "any man anything but waltzing, for which I would have given all the little talents I had acquired. I dared not attempt to learn it; for though I was active and my ear was accurate, I felt certain I should have been unsuccessful."

To leave Mr. Landor for less lofty topics,—here is a note on Sculpture, with an odd fling at Michael Angelo.—

"Sculpture at the present day flourishes more than it ever did since the age of Pericles; and America is not cast into the shade by Europe. I do prefer Giovanni da Bologna to Michael Angelo, who, indeed, in his conceptions is sublime, but often incorrect, and sometimes extravagant, both in sculpture and painting. I confess I have no relish for his prodigious *gibbet pie* in the Capella Sistina, known throughout the world as his 'Last Judgment.' Grand in architecture, he was no ordinary poet, no lukewarm patriot. Deploable, that the inheritor of his house and name is so vile a sycophant, that even the blast of Michael's trumpet could not rouse his abject soul."

—The gentle paragraph which rounds this passage is extremely characteristic. Mr. Landor's sting generally lies in his tail. Take, as another example, the following opinion on Mr. Carlyle.—

"We come to Carlyle, of whom you tell us 'he worships a man that will manifest any truth to him.' Would he have patience for the truth to be manifested? or would he accept it then? Certainly the face of truth is very lovely, and we take especial care that it shall never lose its charms by familiarity. He declares that 'Landor's principle is mere rebellion.' Quite the contrary is apparent and prominent in many of my writings. I always was a Conservative; but I would eradicate any species of evil, political, moral, or religious, as soon as its springs up, with no reference to the blockheads who cry out 'What would you substitute in its place!' When I pluck up a dock or a thistle, do I ask any such a question? I have said plainly, more than once, and in many quarters, that I would not alter or greatly modify, the English Constitution. I denounced at the time of its enactment the fallacy of the Reform Bill. And here I beg pardon for the word *fallacy*, instead of *humbug* which entered into our phraseology with two other sister graces, *Sham* and *Pluck*. I applaud the admission of new peers; and I think it well that a large body of them should be hereditary. But it is worse than mere popery that we should be encumbered by a costly and heavy bench of Cardinals, under the title of Bishops, and that their revenues should exceed those in the Roman States. I would send a beadle after every Bishop who left his diocese, without the call of his Sovran, the head of the Church for some peculiar and urgent purpose relating to it solely. I would surround the throne with splendour and magnificence, and grant as large a sum as a thousand pounds weekly for it, with two palaces; no land but what should be rented. The highest of

the nobility would be proud of service under it, without the pay of menials. I approve the expansion of our peerage; but never let its members, adscititious or older, think themselves the only nobility; else peradventure some of them may be reminded that there are among us men whose ancestors stood in high places, and who did good service to the country, when theirs were cooped up within borough-walls, or called on duty from the field as serfs and villains. Democracy, such as yours in America, is my abhorrence. Republicanism far from it; but there are few nations capable of receiving, fewer of retaining, this pure and efficient form. Democracy is lax and disjointed; and whatever is loose wears out the machine. The nations on the Ebro, and the mountaineers of Biscay, enjoyed it substantially for century after century. Holland, Ragusa, Genoa, Venice, were deprived of it by that *Holy Alliance* whose influence is now withering the Continent, and changing the features of England. We are losing our tensity of sinew; we are germanizing into a flabby and effete indifference. It appears to me that the worst calamity the world has ever undergone, is the prostration of Venice at the feet of Austria. The oldest and truest nobility in the world was swept away by Napoleon. How happily were the Venetian States governed for a thousand years, by the brave and circumspect gentlemen of the island city! All who did not conspire against its security were secure. Look at the palaces they erected! Look at the Arts they cultivated! Look, on the other side, at the damp and decaying walls; enter; and there behold such countenances as you will never see elsewhere. These are not among the creatures whom God will permit any Deluge to sweep away. Heretofore, a better race of beings has uniformly succeeded to a viler though a vaster; and it will be so again. Rise, Manin! rise, Garibaldi! rise, Mazzini! Compose your petty differences, quell your discordances, and stand united! Strike, and spare not; strike high. '*Miles faciem feri*,' cried the wisest and most valiant of the Roman race. I have enjoyed the conversation of Carlyle within the room where I am writing. It appeared at that time less evidently than now that his energy goes far beyond his discretion. Perverseness is often mistaken for strength, and obstinacy for consistency. There is only one thing in which he resembles other writers; namely, in saying that which he can say best, and with most point. You tell us, 'he does not read Plato.' *Perhaps there may be a sufficient reason for it.*"

From Mr. Carlyle we pass to a notice of Wordsworth,—not more complimentary.—

"We now are at Rydal Mount. Wordsworth's bile is less fervid than Carlyle's: it comes with more saliva about it, and with a hoarser expectation. 'Lucretius he esteems a far higher poet than Virgil.' The more fool he! 'not in his system, which is nothing, but in his power of illustration.' Does a power of illustration imply the *high* poet? It is in his system (which, according to Wordsworth, is nothing,) that the power of Lucretius consists. Where then is its use? But what has Virgil in his 'Eclogues,' in his 'Georgics,' or in his '*Æneid*,' requiring illustration? Lucretius does indeed well illustrate his subject; and few even in prose among the philosophers have written so intelligibly; but the quantity of his poetry does not much exceed three hundred lines in the whole: one of the noblest specimens of it is a scornful expostulation against the fear of death. Robert Smith, brother of Sydney, wrote in the style of Lucretius such latin poetry as is fairly worth all the rest in that language since the banishment of Ovid. Even Lucretius himself nowhere hath exhibited such a continuation of manly thought and of lofty harmony. We must now descend to Wordsworth once again. He often gave an opinion on authors which he never had read, and on some which he could not read; Plato, for instance."

Mr. Landor tells us how *he* read through the whole of Plato in the Magliabechian Library at Florence, and distilled the impurities from the Attic honey. A weakness seems to lie in human nature with regard to Plato. No man who reads him ever believes that another man has read him. Few Grecians acknowledge other Grecians. No Platonist admits that another is

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also a Platonist. Whence arises this weakness about Plato and his writings? To return to Mr. Landor's gentle criticism on Wordsworth.

"He speaks contemptuously of the Scotch. The first time I ever met him, and the only time I ever conversed with him longer than a few minutes, he spoke contemptuously of Scott, and violently of Byron. He chattered about them incoherently and indiscriminately. In reality, Scott had singularly the power of imagination and of construction: Byron little of either; but this is what Wordsworth neither said nor knew. His censure was hardened froth. I praised a line of Scott's on the dog of a traveller lost in the snow (if I remember) on Skiddaw. He said it was the only good one in the poem, and began instantly to recite a whole one of his own upon the same subject. This induced me afterward to write as follows on a fly-leaf in Scott's poems,

Ye who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,  
Here shake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:  
Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,  
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott.

I was thought unfriendly to Scott for one of the friendliest things I ever did toward an author. Having noted all the faults of grammar and expression in two or three of his volumes, I calculated that the number of them, in all, must amount to above a thousand. Mr. Lockhart, who married his daughter, was indignant at this, and announced, at the same time (to prove how very wrong I was) that they were corrected in the next edition. Scott's reading was extensive, but chiefly within the range of Great Britain and France; Wordsworth's lay, almost entirely, between the near grammar school and Rydal Mount. He would not have scorned, although he might have reviled, the Scotch authors, if he ever had read Archibald Bower, or Hume, or Smollett, or Adam Smith; he would have indeed hated Burns; he would never have forgiven Beattie that incomparable stanza,

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms that Nature to her votary yields,  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven:  
O how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?

Nor would he have endured that song of Burns, more animated than the odes of Pindar,

Scots wha ha' w' Wallace bled.

When Hazlitt was in Tuscany he often called on me, and once asked me whether I had ever seen Wordsworth. I answered in the negative, and expressed a wish to know something of his appearance.—"Sir," said Hazlitt, "have you ever seen a horse?"—"Assuredly."—"Then, sir, you have seen Wordsworth."—"When I met him some years after at a friend's on the lake of Waswater, I found him extremely civil. There was *equality* in the lower part of his face: in the upper was much of the contemplative, and no little of the calculating. This induced me, when, at a breakfast where many were present, he said he 'would not give five shillings for all Southey's poetry,' to tell a friend of his that he might safely make such an investment of his money and throw all his own in."

Mr. Landor does not appreciate Mackintosh, and gives his no-reasons.—

"What is there eminently to praise in him? Are there not twenty men and women at the present hour who excel him in style and genius? His reading was extensive: he had much capacity, less comprehensiveness and concentration. I know not who may be the 'others of your recent friends' whom you could not excite me to applaud. I am more addicted to praise than censure. We English are generally as fierce partisans in literary as in parliamentary elections, and we cheer or jostle a candidate of whom we know nothing. I always kept clear of both quarters. I have votes in three counties, I believe I have in four, and never gave one. I would rather buy than solicit or canvas, but preferably neither. Nor am I less abstinent in the turbulent contest for literary honours. Among the many authors you have conversed with in England, did you find above a couple who spoke not ill of nearly all the rest? Even the most liberal of them, they who concede

the most, subtract at last the greater part of what they have conceded, together with somewhat beside. And this is done, forsooth, out of fairness, truthfulness, &c.! The nearest the kennel are the most disposed to splash the polished boot."

Surely our Knight is here forgetful of himself and of his order. Is difference of estimate the necessary result of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness? Do we so consider Mr. Landor's abuse of Byron, Goethe, and other poets? What follows is amusing as to the opinion expressed, and, in a different way, interesting as to the facts.—

"How different in features, both personal and poetical, are Goethe and Wordsworth! In the countenance of Goethe there was something of the elevated and august; less of it in his poetry: Wordsworth's physiognomy was entirely rural. With a rambling pen he wrote admirable paragraphs in his longer poem, and sonnets worthy of Milton: for example,

'Two voices are there,' &c.,

which is far above the highest pitch of Goethe. But his unbraced and unbuttoned impudence in presence of our grand historians, Gibbon and Napier, must be reprehended and scouted. Of Gibbon I have delivered my opinion; of Napier too, on whom I shall add nothing more at present than that he superseded the Duke, who intended to write the history of his campaigns, and who (his nephew Capt. William Wellesley tells me) has left behind him 'Memoirs.'"

A paragraph in a higher key celebrates the person and opinions of Alfieri. Mr. Landor loved and honoured the poet, with a thorough knowledge of his greatness.—

"I think oftener with Alfieri than with any other writer, and quite agree with him that 'Italy and England are the only countries worth living in.' The only time I ever saw Alfieri, was just before he left this country for ever. I accompanied my Italian master, Parachinetti, to a bookseller's, to order the Works of Alfieri and Metastasio, and was enthusiastic, as most young men were, about the French Revolution. 'Sir,' said Alfieri, 'you are a very young man; you are yet to learn that nothing good ever came out of France, or ever will. The ferocious monsters are about to devour one another; and they can do nothing better. They have always been the curse of Italy; yet we too have fools among us who trust them.' Such were the expressions of the most classical and animated poet existing in the present or past century, of him who could at once be a true patriot and a true gentleman. There was nothing of the ruffian in his vigour; nothing of the vulgar in his resentment; he could scorn without a scoff; he could deride without a grimace. Had he been living in these latter days, his bitterness would have overflowed, not on France alone, nor Austria in addition, the two beasts that have torn Italy in pieces, and are growling over her bones; but more, and more justly, on those constitutional governments which, by abetting, have aided them in their aggressions and incursions."

So warm and buoyant runs the blood of our great prose writer, even in the mellowness of ripe years! While the "tree" lives, we hope we shall never fail to find on it more "last fruit." It is not every day that, by putting a hand over the garden wall, we can bring back the golden apples of the Hesperides.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

*Rhymes and Roundelays in Praise of a Country Life.* Illustrated by Messrs. Goodall, Ansdell, Foster, Dodgson, Weir, Duncan, Hulme, and Absolon. (Bogue.)—If you take up a stray scrap of paper in a French office, ten to one you find a woman's face scratched on it by the pen of an amorous clerk. Go into an English one, and we wager you will find a sketch of a tree or a huntsman flogging a hound. There can be no doubt that we English, above all races, love the country, and hold cities mere bearable evils, —convenient, advantageous, social perhaps,

but still things to be run from when we get rich, famous, old, or sick. This book, a pleasant bait for us country-lovers, is quite a galaxy of Art and Poetry. There are choice bits of Shelley, Keats, Clare, Tennyson, for all the changes of the seasons; and to adorn these verses and versicles comes Mr. Dodgson, with his old manor-houses,—Mr. Absolon, with his rural, square-toed dames,—Mr. Taylor, with his wiggid huntsmen,—and Mr. Weir, with his matchless ducks and sedate cows. Here is every artist with his peculiar faculty and way of looking in full cry. Mr. Taylor, for instance, always frank, free, and natural, gives us hounds in a cover, heads down and tails up, flashing about in spots of white, all motion and dash. Here is Mr. Ansdell, neck and neck with his deer the moment before starting, its limbs strung, like a bow, its head thrown back, and its ears flung forward. Mr. Absolon has a harvest-field, with snatched kisses and Sophia Westerns turned gleaners. Mr. Foster, in the cold, bright, still Rhine moonlight, has pulled himself out like a telescope, and appears rather epical than miniature. To judge from results, artists really enjoy such work as this, and revel in the freedom of choice and the largeness of the publisher's purpose. There is less haste, less clap-trap, less meretriciousness, than in ordinary prints or more hasty and less well-chosen books.

*The Keepsake for 1857.* Edited by Miss Power. (Bogue.)—This veteran annual wears well, and boasts still the same clear, hard type, the same sandwiches of prose and verse, and the same glowing beauties as it did twenty years ago. The illustrations, chiefly portraits, are by Messrs. Desanges, Corbould, Naish, Gush, Solomon, Dukes, and Dicksee. Among the literary contributors, we find the names of Messrs. Swain, Watts, and Chorley. Mrs. Browning has some playful verses, with not much in them, and Mr. Browning a short poem, with a few fine touches in it, which should not be lost.—

#### May and Death.

I wish that when you died last May,  
Charles, there had died along with you  
Three parts of Spring's delightful things;  
Ay, and for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!  
There must be many a pair of friends  
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm  
Moon's birth and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, prove May still May!

Let their new time, like mine of old,  
Do all it did for me; I bid  
Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant  
Woods have in May, that starts up green  
Except a streak, which, so to speak,  
Is Spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That, they might spare: a certain wood  
Might lose the plant; their loss were small:  
And I,—when'er the plant is there  
Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

Mr. Hawthorn, of 'The Scarlet Letter,' sends a dual letter to a friend about Dr. Johnson's doing penance in the market-place at Uttoxeter —(a good subject for a painter, that),—and Mr. Albert Smith laughs about Chamois Hunters' legends. He tells his story of the mountain dwarf, which is Schiller parodied, too well not to deserve quotation.—

"The devil is not, however, the most important of the mysterious personages who haunt the chamois-hunters: they all believe in Mountain Dwarfs, leading features in most popular superstitions. Once upon a time—I must begin the legend in the regular way—a Chamouni guide went to hunt chamois upon the Glacier d'Argentière, which lies on the other side of the tall Aiguille Verte; separated, indeed, by it from the well-known Mer de Glace. He came upon a herd of chamois, and followed them so eagerly that at last he reached quite the end of the glacier. The animals scrambled up the rocks, and the hunter, Pierre Ravenal, after them. He had hard work with

his carbine, but he went up and up, and at last gained the highest peaks; and looking over, he saw below him the Jardin—the well-known plot of grass and flowers which is such a famous excursion from Chamois—and all the chamois grazing upon it. Picking out the finest of them, he lodged his rifle on a rock to make a surer aim, and was just going to fire, when his arm was seized with a grasp of iron. He turned round, and saw, at his side, the most horrible dwarf it was possible to conceive—the king of all the Bogies.—‘So,’ said the little monster, ‘I have caught you at last! I thought I should find out, some fine day, who was so constantly poaching about my property. And now to make you pay for it.’ He spoke with a hoarse, grating voice, that sounded like a tin-tack between two grindstones, and appeared to set his own teeth on edge as it came through them, from the faces he made. And then he took Pierre by the collar of his coat, and lifted him up until he overhung the precipice of the rocks above the Jardin—four hundred feet of smooth granite, with jagged blocks at the bottom. ‘Oh, mercy! mercy!’ cried the wretched guide; ‘I am a poor devil with a large family, and have no choice between hunting and starvation. I did not know the chamois were yours.’ The dwarf appeared to think there might be some reason in this appeal; for he drew his victim back upon the rocks, and then relaxed his grip. ‘Now look here,’ he said: ‘if I allow you to live, will you promise me never to carry a rifle again between Mont Blanc and the Great St. Bernard?’ Pierre would have promised anything. ‘Very well. Now get back to your family. Here is a cheese for you all to live upon, which will always be sufficient as long as you do not devour it entirely: be careful that there is always a small piece left. And now—take that!’ And with these words the dwarf gave him such a tremendous kick, that it might have been sent to the museum at Geneva for a curiosity. \* \* One day as he was wandering about the woods over Montanvert, picking flowers to dry between paper for the tourists to purchase, he saw a fine chamois standing, as cool as might be, at the base of the Aiguille des Charmoz. All his old enthusiasm returned. He ran down to Montanvert, borrowed a carbine, went back to the spot, and, without the least trouble, killed the animal, which bounded from crag to crag down the Aiguille, and at last fell on the glacier. He marked the spot and returned home, for it was getting too dark to go after the game that night; but the next day he started betimes, and took the cheese with him. He did not observe, in his renewing ardour, that the last gap made in it had not been replaced. He reached the chamois, and, being hot and hungry, with a little well of cold crystal water in the ice at his side, he sat down to breakfast, and before he reflected upon what he was doing he had finished all the cheese. At that minute a thunderclap, which he thought was an avalanche, echoed amongst the mountains, a dark mist rose over the glacier, and the horrible dwarf once more stood at his side. ‘Miserable wretch!’ he cried, in the same dreadful grating tones; ‘you have broken your promise, and shall suffer for it. Perish!’—In spite of the hunter’s cries and entreaties, the dwarf dragged him to the edge of one of those yawning, boiling, bottomless caldrons, known on the glaciers as *Moulins*. He held his screaming victim over it for a minute, and then let him fall right into the centre, and the whirling waters spun him round and round with a terrible roar, until he disappeared in the icy depths.”

As for the plates much cannot be said. They are full of the usual flashing eyes, oiled hair, fluttering gauzes, and wonderful ball suits. For extreme inanity, we might select Mr. Naish’s ‘Too Late.’ “It is never too late to mend” would be a better motto. About all these engravings there is too much of a certain glossy attractive art, which is, in fact, not Art.

*The Sabbath, Sabbath Walks, and other Poems.* By James Grahame. Illustrated by Birket Foster. (Nisbet & Co.)—We are glad to meet Mr. Birket Foster here alone, and engaged on a congenial subject, which, however, he has treated rather in an English than a Scotch manner. We must not forget how very Scotch that poem is; a poem which

we cannot open but it reminds us of the herdboys we came upon reading his Bible on a knoll purple and fragrant with dry thyme, with a sprig of which he had marked the place of David’s combat, which had a professional interest for him; or recalls the old grey-headed shepherd seated on the bare slab of granite right away by Glen Ogle, who was reading his Bible with his large flat bonnet reverently laid beside him. Nor is the poem less dear to us on other accounts, for it recalls to us the pleasant anecdote of its author,—how he wrote it unknown to his wife, gave it to her as a pleasant trifle, and leapt up delighted when she longed to know the writer. Mr. Foster is a landscape painter in miniature—small not because he thinks in a narrow ring, but because he delights in fine workmanship. His first Sabbath Morning is very still and hushed,—the great elms breathe not, the sheep feed sleepily on the sunny hill by the church. The water-mill rests, the stream runs low and soft, while the cottage smoke exhales like a thin blue waft of incense. The country church is tinted with poetry. The details are wonderful as the execution,—the elms swell and breathe with such wealth of leaves, the water shines with so many mingling and fusing lustres. The wood that Grahame describes as just within reach of “city chime,” is better than most coloured landscapes, so leafy and semi-transparent are its depths, with the bee upon the flower and the linnet on the spray. The Scotch views are equally good. The border tower, with the broken drawbridge, the bare sullen hills, and the white stream with its dark pools, are wonders of technical skill. He gives us the Puritan camp-meeting just as it used to be, beside some rough, noisy, irreverent stream, whose jargon drowned the chant of the Psalms and deafened the listening and prowling redcoats of Clavers. It is in his little nameless vignettes, original and individualized as Bewick’s, only more poetical and idyllic, that Mr. Foster puts forth his best strength. It is now a leafless tree over a brook where the robin, red as the autumn leaf, sings to the listening silver-coated dace who dance below to his unpaid music;—it is a lark rising over a sunny meadow to his azure hermitage, high and lonely in heaven;—it is a church winter-thatched with snow, with the sparse, keen grass rising through the soft whiteness that beds the fields;—it is the emerald-necked dowager-duck, leading out her daughters, and steering them through the stiff, rude water-lilies, past the flaunting rushes, and under the wandering willows. Everywhere he is tender, poetical—the very Goldsmith of illustrators.

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated. (Low & Co.)—Messrs. Wehnert, Duncan, and B. Foster, aided by the engravers, Messrs. Harral and Evans, have deserved well of their country. It is the apotheosis of a poem to be thus petted and dressed-out in emerald green and gold lace, and to be led into pleasant Christmas rooms, where the roses of maidens’ cheeks bloom all the redder and riper for the cold wind without and for the white soft snow lying three good feet deep on the cold fallows. It would be mere eulogy to say that the artists have come up to the grandeur and wildness of Coleridge’s opium dream—that they, in fact, breathe in the same climate, or cross the threshold of his own peculiar heaven;—but they have elegant, sensible thoughts upon the weird poem; and their illustrations are pleasing, graceful, and sometimes felicitous.

In the first page, Mr. Wehnert exhibits his usual faults and usual excellencies. He is often affected, stiff, and fantastic in manner, and his fancy wants fluency and spontaneous-

ness. That inveterate button-holder, the ancient mariner, is here a sort of overdone John the Baptist, and the gallants are dismal theatrical banditti. The wedding scene, with the bride red as a rose, and the pipers nodding their heads over their music, also, wants manliness and muscle. There is a provoking, jerked, peddling, man-milliner look about the figures that needs reforming. The albatross looks stuffed, and the sailors kneeling in attitudes are mournfully theatrical: all stare and posture. It is strange that a man who can draw well the sailor he saw yesterday at the Docks is quite lost when he has to paint the same man’s ancestors pulling at a fourteenth-century cable. The death of the bird is a mere caricature, and is very hastily and feebly executed. Still worse is the scene in which the accursed man stands with the sea-goose round his neck, for all the world like a dishonest poulterer set in the stocks. Why, Mr. Wehnert, make the honest sailors Arabs?—and why make the dead men all like imbecile saints? We can hardly imagine anything so dull and unimaginative as Mr. Wehnert’s impression of the terrible vision of Death and Life in ‘Death gambling for the Souls.’ One of Tom Hood’s scratches in the dark with a worn-out pen were worth a cartload of inanities that taint a fine poem and prevent better men attempting the same subject. Mr. Birket Foster’s delicious little vignettes make amends for Mr. Wehnert’s man-millinery: about all Mr. Foster does there is such a winning grace, such freckled beauty and imaginative variety. He is generally true to nature, always true to himself. There is love of the work in him: he does his best, and that is something. Take his ‘There was a ship.’ It is clearing the harbour, it drops below the kirk, the little church under the hill below the lighthouse on the cliff. The sails puff and blow round and tight, the bright green sea sparkles and tumbles, and the sea-birds float and skim. The sky is a dapple of blue and white. Then comes the ice region, with the cold, slant sunlight, the black birds on the frozen rocks, the congealing, sluggish sea. Still, true is Mr. Foster, hot or cold, true to nature. The calm is less happy. His spectral ship is hardly spectral enough; but the sunset is full of colour and glorious as the blooming of heaven’s flower always is. His water has great depth and variety of tone, his skies are luminous and pencilled with fleck and thin drifts of cloud, too similar, but still carefully studied, and true to the three cloud regions, cirrus, stratus and cumulus, with an undue predilection for the fantasies of the cirrus.

*Statistics of Graveyards in Scotland.* By John Webster, M.D., Physician to the Scottish Hospital.

SINCE our review of Mr. Bailey’s ‘Records of Longevity’ [*ante*, p. 1365], we have received the above pamphlet, with a copy of an article from the *Journal of Public Health*, entitled ‘The Patriarchs of Pinner.’ Dr. Webster is a man of science—a physician, who has directed his attention to the subject of vital statistics. His communications, therefore, come with authority, and we have given them an attentive perusal; but his investigations throw no light whatever upon the question we have opened. Do men ever live to 370, to 200, to 150, or even to 120 years? If the statements of the persons themselves are to be trusted, they do; but we have already proved that such statements are not to be trusted, and have asked for evidence, easily to be procured if the facts are facts. Tombstone records have no greater authority than living assertion. They have, in fact, the same authority as the inscrip-

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tion on the portrait of the purser in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, or the paragraph in the newspaper corner, or the cases in Mr. Bailey's book. Dr. Webster, however, discovered nothing even from tombstones to remove our doubt. 102 he mentions as "the highest churchyard-recorded age met with during my peregrination through Scotland." Tombstones having failed to yield any extraordinary cases, Science abandons the original inquiry and adopts the hearsay reports of "sextons" and "old inhabitants"; and the result, as might have been expected, is a plentiful crop of wonderful persons, abounding in all the characteristics which we have endeavoured to portray,—the soldier who has served under three reigns,—the midwife who has twice brought into the world, the sexton who has twice buried, a whole parish,—and the hale gentleman who marries at 100. We have again Old Parr and Old Jenkins; and even the Welsh Bard who flourished in the reign of King Arthur, and all brought forward as scientific data, and made the ground of conclusions as to the healthiness of various localities. The mere literary Gossip may collect such instances of longevity; but we submit that science has a direct interest in having such assertions verified. Will Dr. Webster test any one of them by the touchstone we have pointed out—a parish register; or produce a fact equally marvellous from the records of Life Assurance?

We have not the slightest disposition to deny that men and women do occasionally live to great ages. It is probable that good evidence might be procured in favour of the Pinner lady, Betty Evans, who is stated to have been born in the neighbourhood, and to have lived and died there at the age of 102. Although we have never yet met with *proof* of ages so high, many such might possibly be established: but we should, we confess, still find it difficult to believe in the other patriarch of Pinner, who was a servant all his days, yet went to his first place at twenty-seven, and who to make his story true must have started afresh in life and obtained a situation as a nobleman's servant at the age of eighty, and yet lived with that same nobleman twenty-nine years: and even granting this case, we should have got but a very short way towards proof of the Parrs and the Jenkinsons, not to speak of the Bengalese gentleman who died aged 350 years, and for which we have the authority of Maffeus, "a model of veracity," as Dr. Webster assures us.

*Russia at the Time of the Coronation of Alexander II. Being a Series of Letters addressed from Moscow and St. Petersburg to the 'Daily News.'* By John Murphy. Bradbury & Evans.

AMONG sovereigns, Waldemar the Third of Poland stands distinguished for solemnly confessing, at the moment of his coronation, that his sole right to his royal dignity rested on the will of his people. "I hold," said he, "my life from God, my property from my ancestors; but my crown I hold only because my subjects think proper to trust me with it." The modesty of this assertion has often been praised; but the truth is, that there is little modesty in it, after all: for the crown of Poland was elective, and the case stood exactly as the Slavonic king had put it. The sentiment, however, is seen in strong contrast with that which was signified, if not expressed, at the recent crowning of the Czar. Those whom it concerned were very intelligibly told, or made to understand, that the Autocrat of All the Russias holds crown, people, and almost his own life, by right divine. In Mr. Murphy's lively pages, the Czar wears much the look of a monarch who shares in the feel-

ing of Waldemar the Third; but, if Alexander appears courteous to his people, and almost as if courting their sweet voices, he quite as often assumes the guise of an absolute autocrat, whose path may not be crossed nor measures questioned without peril of exile or death.

With the portion of the pleasant little volume of Mr. Murphy's which has already been given to the public in the columns of the *Daily News* we need not trouble our readers, save to extend to it a word of praise for the ready observation and fairness of the writer. He occasionally fell in with singular companions and witnessed strange incidents. The two English clergymen who hurried, with their canonicals, to Moscow, in hopes of being invited to join the Greek clergy in the coronation procession, proves that the ancient family of the Simples is not yet extinct. The sight of Circassians, gingerly using cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, seemed to intimate, on the other hand, that the period of picturesque romance was over. Nor was this the less proved by the appearance in the Imperial saloons of those American official gentlemen who flattered the Czar by donning, what they refuse to wear in presence of any other sovereign—an unmistakable court-dress. The dress was of their own invention, surmounted by a cocked-hat, over which was a gigantic yellow plume! The Circassians applying cambric pocket-handkerchiefs to their delicate nostrils were more picturesque, after all, than our gallant cousins of the gamboge plume,—plume yellow as the beard which "gives a great air of manliness" to the strong-limbed, oppressed, but not ill-contented Mujik. But one adornment is artificial, the other natural—which makes the difference.

Mr. Murphy does justice to the Russian character, country, and system. In Muscovy he recognized his presence among a civilized people, for clever pickpockets abounded, and drunken Isvodstchiks could "spill" their passengers with all the recklessness of a British cabman. How the late "Father of his People" excelled his own police in dealing with the pickpockets who infested the Russian Cremerne, at Tsarsko-Selo is thus told in a hitherto unpublished chapter:—

"It seems that the Emperor Nicholas has had constant complaints of the doings at Tsarsko-Selo, and had as regularly referred the matter to the police. But the latter, who were nearly as corrupt as his councillors of state and *Ministres du palais*, kept their eyes shut to the doings of the thieves, while their hands were ever open for the liberal contributions of the latter. At last, the Emperor, wearied out of all patience, took the matter into his own hands, and cured the evil by means of a truly imperial remedy. Selecting one fine Sunday afternoon, when the gardens were at their fullest, the whole district was in a moment invaded by clouds of Cossacks, and every man, woman, and child, gentle and simple, officers, priests, laymen, and ladies, were arrested in a moment, and packed off by successive special trains to St. Petersburg. There was not one of them who had not to pass through the bureau of the secret police, and in doing so to tell his or her name, address, occupation, and the motives of the journey which had been thus suddenly interrupted. This operation, gone through with five or six thousand people, of course, occupied several days, and in the mean time, all St. Petersburg was in agonies about missing husbands, wives, and children. At last the prisoners were thoroughly sifted, the thieves identified and packed off to prison, and the decent people restored to the bosoms of their families."

One unpleasant feature, in addition to that of netting honest folks with the looser fish, is, that although the thief be caught, the police have a remarkable disinclination to restore stolen property to the rightful owner. They have as many legal doubts, Mr. Murphy tells us, as the late Lord Eldon when a Chancery

case awaited his decision. The system of "taking," however, is not confined to the thieves and the police. In a railway train, military officers and their ladies enjoy the privilege of first taking their seats—"not only for themselves, but for their smaller baggage, their Italian greyhounds, parrots, and railway-wrappers"; and when all these illustrious objects have been comfortably provided with seats, civilians and similar cattle may then take theirs! Let us hope they find them more pleasant than former sojourners in Moscow used to find their beds, according to a story told by a traveller to our Special Correspondent:—

"According to his story, he purchased a certain powder, which was sovereign in such cases, with which he nightly drew a line of circumvallation round his bed, and for two nights had a mischievous pleasure in watching the enemy coming up in platoons to the edge of the magic circle, but retiring precipitately the moment they smelt the deadly drug. On the third, however, what was his horror to see one little Cossack, more agile or more sagacious than the rest, clear his vaulted entrenchment at a bound, when, lo! the 'whole camp, pioneers and all,' followed, and our friend had nothing left to do but gather his blanket about his head, after the manner of Caesar, and submit with resignation to his fate."

Among the many things which Mr. Murphy found to admire in Russia may be mentioned the circumstance, that at public dinners, although healths are proposed, no speeches are made. Mr. Murphy, who has experience and much suffering to guide him on this matter, treats the subject with the authority of M. Josse on a question of *orfèverie*; and, indeed, it may be confessed that, except at a horse-fair, nowhere does mendacity so much prevail as in post-prandial speeches, with this difference: that the mendacity of the horse-fair has wit and novel figures of speech to recommend it. Still, if Russia be ahead of us in respect of the peculiar sort of civilization just noticed, there are some observances there which, we hope, will not come into fashion among the benighted nations of this side of Europe. For instance, Mr. Murphy speaks of the order in which great crowds dispersed on some festive occasions,—but he adds, "A few Mujiks trampled to death, more or less, would not justify me in qualifying this assertion, as the fact is never considered worth mentioning, even in the local papers!"

The Mujik is not the most barbarous-looking specimen of humanity in Russia. The class of English simpletons who, about the Alps, at Ischl, or in the Tyrol, dress like mountaineers at a masquerade, may be found in Russia. Next to a Briton, who carries his British bristles everywhere, there is no animal so thoroughly ridiculous as the one who affects to adopt the nationality of the country in which he is sojourning. Here is one in full costume:—

"While we sat and waited we were joined by an Englishman who had gone through tremendous exertions in the crowd of the morning. His motto, as he told us, was 'When in Rome to do as Rome does,' and accordingly he had taken every pains to deserve the character of an Anglo-mujik. On his first arrival, he had made himself ill drinking quass, which must have been to him what the doctor's soup was to Pallet in the banquet after the manner of the ancients, in Peregrine Pickle, and next he made himself nearly drunk with vodka, because he had been informed that it was the natural beverage of the country; lastly, that he might be pure Slavonic and no mistake, he had purchased a tremendous sheepskin coat, that weighed about four or five stone, and flourished, or rather staggered about in it with the thermometer at about 90° in the shade. It should be observed that these coats, which are most excellent for the purpose intended, are only worn by the mujiks, and serve them at once for clothing, bed, and very often for lodging. When new they have a

tremendous animal odour, so it may be imagined what effect our friend's arrival produced in a close room, and amongst a company of young officers bedizened in silver and gold. But our friend was perfectly indifferent; he was in Rome and would do as Rome did, therefore he stuck to his quass and vodka, clung to his sheepskin, and even allowed the boy to take the first whiff at his pipe, although the expression of his face while this preliminary was going on showed how severe was the self-inflicted martyrdom. He was not five minutes at table when he bluntly asked the young officer if it were true that the Russians liked the French better than the English, and the answer, which I give almost verbatim, is I think worth preserving: 'I cannot say how it may be amongst civilians, but I know that in the Crimea, the French officers were at first (principally on account of their language) on the more familiar terms with us. But we soon found out that many of them, especially in the line regiments, were illiterate men, and almost always of inferior birth (he used a still stronger expression), while the English officers were all gentlemen like ourselves, as you know that Russian officers are all selected from the ranks of the noblesse.' The Anglo-mujik was perfectly delighted with this answer, and immediately proposed standing a bottle of Clicquot, which however our young Russian friend politely declined."

Mr. Murphy gives some amusing traits of railroad mismanagement in Russia; but these we must pass over, to notice that his sparkling pages close gloomily with instances of Mujik vengeance against Russian nobles, and also against foreign rivals in even servile occupations. He found everywhere, he tells us, an acknowledged dread of a Mujik insurrection. The late Czar declared, that the only real democracies in the world were his own serfs and the American niggers. With regard to Russian slaves, Mr. Murphy says—

"There seems to me to be a dark undefined dread pervading all the governing classes, that sooner or later a ruthless Jacques Bonhomme will rise up in Russia, and marshalling the huge mujik population with some talismanic word wreak a terrible vengeance for the tyranny and oppression of centuries. And some premonitory symptoms of such a state of things have already appeared."

And, subsequently, he adds—

"The whole atmosphere of the vast empire is laden with dread whispers of a mujik insurrection. Nobody knows whence they come, or who is the author, but they exist, and create fear and trembling in high places. Should such an insurrection indeed break out, God help the noblesse; nothing that we have ever read of, of Jacquerie, of French Revolution, of St. Domingo, of Galicia, so near home, could compare for a moment with the scenes which a universal outbreak of long pent-up mujik vengeance would produce in the wide dominions of the Czar."

With these extracts and remarks we hope we have conveyed to our readers an agreeable impression of Mr. Murphy's pleasant and unpretending volume on Russia.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Mildmayes; or, the Clergyman's Secret: a Story of Twenty Years ago.* By Danby North. 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall).—*The Mildmayes* is about the most wonderfully nonsensical novel we ever met with: it is like the work of some clever child—ignorant alike of grammar and society, whose taste had been formed on the model of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, and *'The Old English Baron.'* It bears decided evidences of talent, although in the crudest and most undeveloped form: there are some extremely good descriptions and a general power of awakening the reader's curiosity. A few chapters in the beginning are very well done, but the author soon wearies of doing his best, and the novel becomes a mere lock-and-key romance about a dismal family mansion, full of long corridors, rooms full of mouldering furniture, and traditions of family crime. There is a subterranean passage which, of course, leads to a dreadful mystery. It is inhabited by a Lady Rockforest, a ci-devant

beauty of very bad reputation, and who, to do her justice, seems entirely to have deserved it. In the beginning, this character seemed to promise well, but she soon degenerates into a mere maniac, with a fixed idea of locking up everybody who comes in her way. Doors bang, and sound along distant galleries, and Lady Rockforest is heard howling and shrieking, and, above all, coughing with great violence: but she does little else except lock her doors. The reader is told about a confession which she made one night to the clergyman, when she thought she was going to die, and all that violence is the indication of her extreme regret for having allowed her secret to escape, and her ardent desire to secure it again. Eustace Mildmaye, the clergyman in question, is an entire failure. The author does not grasp the point of conscience which is intended to be the main hinge of the story, and the reader's acquaintance with him is broken off at a most critical juncture and never properly renewed. The interest of the book is muddled away in long descriptions of supernumerary characters and trivial details which have nothing to do with the business. The winding-up is clumsy and slovenly in the extreme. The author has not the skill to manoeuvre his characters, or to work out his incidents. Judged on its own merits, *'The Mildmayes'* must be pronounced a failure; yet it is a spirited first attempt. There was the material for a good story in it; and when the author has had more experience and more practice (which, however, he should give himself in private), we expect that he will produce a novel worth reading and writing.

*My Parish; or, 'The Country Parson's' Visits to his Poor.* By the Rev. Barton Bouchier, A.M. (Shaw).—This *"Country Parson"* is a considerable bore—than which nothing much worse can be predicated of mortal. The stories consist of trifling incidents and anecdotes, which, as they possess in themselves a germ of human interest, might have been pleasant and instructive if they had been simply told. But the *"Country Parson"* is, before all things, a Preacher,—he has no more pity for his readers than if they were his Sunday victims assembled in their pews; every fibre of each anecdote is separated and commented upon, at a length that makes one wonder at his powers of prosing. He spares the reader nothing; every reflection is amplified, every platitude is expanded to its extreme limit; the whole universe, as conceived by him, is a sermon, of which he is the preacher.

*Ivors.* By the Author of *'Amy Herbert,'* &c. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.).—When we reviewed *'Cleve Hall'* (this author's last work) we expressed an opinion that she was getting to the bottom of her stock of wisdom, for even the spring of good advice is not perennial. The appearance of *'Ivors'* is a further corroboration of our remark; it is dry and tedious. The didactic portions lack savour,—they are vague and wordy; it is difficult to come at their precise intention. The narrative is incoherent and lifeless. The characters are drawn from the outside; they are described and described with a wearisome tautology and prolixity—and yet no distinct conception of any one of them is impressed on the reader. There is little incident, but an abundance of trivial detail, which does not help on the story. The hero, a very disagreeable type of a reasonable being, falls in love with a very fascinating specimen of female imperfection—at least the reader is told that she is fascinating: her cousin, a young woman possessing in ample measure all the virtues which ought to be rewarded, falls in love with the hero, who is not in the least captivated by her, although he highly approves of her. The hero and heroine quarrel and separate, but the good cousin first converts the heroine and develops her excellencies with superhuman generosity: the hero at length, finding his affection confirmed by his judgment, allows himself once more to renew his engagement; the heroine who, in the beginning, only felt bored by his affection, has repented and learnt to appreciate all she had lost—so they are married and very happy. Susan Graham nearly dies of her heroism, but recovers and lives tolerably happy without him;—and the book concludes with

the display of a domestic *tableau*, which strongly recalls some of Madame de Genlis' novels. We do not imagine that *'Ivors'* will find many readers, nor that the

Fit audience found, though few, will feel altogether satisfied with their entertainment.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Five Gateways of Knowledge.* By George Wilson, M.D. (Cambridge, Macmillan).—John Bunyan's City of Mansoul had five gates—Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feet-gate. Dr. Wilson, adopting this allegory, gives it a practical form. He treats mainly of the senses in their relation to the mind. To a series of mechanical descriptions, explanatory of the use and power of the sensory organs, he adds a variety of interesting illustrations of the process by which sight, touch, hearing, &c., may be educated. That the Arctic savage can distinguish a white fox amidst the snow, that the American trapper can strike a nut out of a squirrel's mouth without hurting the animal, that a shepherd can recognize every sheep in his flock by peculiarities in its face, that the mosaic worker can see differences of tint where others see none, Dr. Wilson urges in proof of the necessity and value of training every natural faculty. He discusses the problem whether any one ever dreams a sound,—refusing to accept, on this point, the testimony of Coleridge, who listened in a vision to the dulcimer of the Abyssinian maid. Among other topics, he treats of the uses of the nose, observing that it is a law to which, so far as his own knowledge extends, there is no exception—that there is not any substance having a powerful smell of which it is safe to take much internally. The poppy, hemlock, henbane, monkshood, and all plants containing prussic acid, emit strong and peculiar odours; so do nitric, muriatic, acetic, and other corrosive acids. Oil of roses, or cinnamon, or lavender, can only be taken sparingly. Dr. Wilson even suggests that it is more tolerable to inhabit an offensive atmosphere, than an atmosphere extravagantly perfumed. His contrast between the Northern and Southern races, in respect of perfumes, is ingenious. The Syrian has his fountains of fragrant water, and lives with dilated nostrils; the Samoyede covers his nose, and gasps during his brief summer on almost scentless flowers. Altogether, the volume is instructive, and adapted for popular use, though some of the author's reflections are "trite to a degree."

*Homely Words and Songs for Working Men and Women.* By the Rev. Charles Marshall. Parts I. and II. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co.).—In these two pamphlets—the first addressed to married women, the second to maids—a kind-hearted man has poured out some half-hundred little poems, with glosses of prose following them. The themes are the duties that dignify life and the affections that make home happy,—and the literary merit is greater in amount than is customary in works of this quality.

*The Worthies of St. Dunstan's: a Lecture.* By the Rev. A. B. Suter, B.A., Curate of St. Dunstan's in the West. (Seeley).—The above is the last of six lectures, delivered during the spring of this year, in the western St. Dunstan's school-room, to the working classes, "in connexion with the evening school for men and boys,"—and seems to us a pleasant and amusing discourse concerning the local celebrities and associations of the parish. Besides less known benefactors who claimed hand-—some mention, the parish numbers among its memorable names those of Tyndale,—of Donne, the quaint poet,—of Mr. Praise-God Barebone,—of Bates and Baxter,—of Sir Francis Child, the great banker,—and of Dr. Johnson, who used the church for his place of meditation and worship. Some of the "Worthies" just named were not easy subjects to treat for such an audience as Mr. Suter's, but they are glanced at with temperance, intelligence, and a fair amount of discriminating spirit. The lecture, for its purpose, is above the average, and worth reprinting.

*The Treasury of Geography, Physical, Historical, Descriptive and Political.* Containing a succinct Account of every Country in the World. Designed



and commenced by the late Samuel Maunder. Completed by W. Hughes. (Longman & Co.) —“An Introductory Outline of the History of Geography, a familiar Inquiry into the Varieties of Race and Language exhibited by different Nations, and a View of the Relations of Geography to Astronomy and the Physical Sciences,” form parts of the design prepared by Mr. Maunder, who died after completing his plan, collecting a body of materials, and writing a portion of the work. For the remainder, comprising more than nine-tenths of the whole, Mr. Hughes is responsible. There can be only one opinion as to the utility of such a volume. The general reader will find it a manual for general purposes; though it would be too much to say, that Mr. Hughes had developed Mr. Maunder's idea in the best manner possible. If we take exception with some emphasis to the shortcomings of the book, it is with the desire of suggesting improvements in a future edition. At present, the compilation seems, in parts, to have been carelessly executed; the notices of many important places being of the slightest and most unsatisfactory nature, while many names are omitted from the Index which certainly should have been found there. Thus, why should Sestri-Ponente be mentioned, and Arona omitted? Why should larger space be devoted to the petty islet of Labuan than to Borneo, the greatest island in the world, if Australia be excepted, or to Java, the richest? Similar evidences of hurry or caprice are of frequent occurrence, and ought not to be detected in a volume professing to be a Treasury. But the information that is given on matters of fact is given in a neat form, and in most cases appears to have been studiously verified. Elsewhere, Mr. Hughes has trusted the merest compilations, and the sketches of indolent travellers, whose narratives may be agreeable enough to read, but have no claim whatever to be quoted as authorities. We think also, that Mr. Hughes had done well to avoid generalizing on the manners and characters of nations, as his facility in this respect is not likely to increase the confidence of such readers as refer to the work for serious information.

*A Pilgrimage to the North, Abbotsford, and the Land of Scott, in the Year of Grace 1856.* By E. Hancock. (Bath, Lewis.)—This is a reprint from the *Bath Express*. An individual testimony on the back of the title-page expresses gratitude for information given cheerfully, and sends “kind regards to your wife.” The “Pilgrim” has a very sharp eye to business at home as well as abroad. A drawing, and an advertisement on the under cover, informs us that he deals in respirators and eye-douches; artificial limbs and trusses; water-beds, elastic stockings, breast-pumps and kneecaps. The cover is thus as full of information as any page in the little pamphlet, with so practical a postscript.

*The Young American's Life of Fremont.* By Francis C. Woodworth. (New York, Miller & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)—This is a more amusing biography than the more pretentious one of Mr. Smucker, in proof of which we may cite the passage in which we are told that, “like Moses and Paul, he (Fremont) never shaves; though unlike them, he always keeps his beard trimmed, and never allows it to grow long.” The author, too, after bringing down the biography to the present moment, regrets that he cannot carry it on further. He has an eye for picturesque details, and holds his pen ready for narrating a presidential triumph and a public funeral.

Mr. John C. Hurd, of New York, Counsellor-at-Law, has published an elaborate treatise on *Topics of Jurisprudence connected with Conditions of Freedom and Bondage*. This work will be a valuable aid to the really earnest student of United States Law.—*Passing Thoughts*, by James Douglas, of Cowes, (Part III.) deal with questions in connexion with the history of the Commonwealth, English political economy, government, and national character.—*Justice to the South* is an address by James A. Dorr, a member of the New York bar, in reference to the great American discussions of the day; while *America Free or America Slave*, also an address, by John Jay, is an eulogy of Col. Fremont.—In *Vacation Thoughts on Capital*

*Punishment*, Mr. Commissioner Phillips has entered into a recapitulation of all the arguments against the application of death-penalties.—Other special topics are investigated in *Suggestions for the Renewal of the Bank of England Charter*, and for a *Decimal Coinage*, by Charles Tennant.—*Commercial Morality; or, Thoughts for the Times*,—*Municipal Elections not Political*, by a Town-Councillor, and *Quæstio Væcata; or, What's to be done with the London Graveyards?* by J. W. Johnson, M.D.—Among miscellanies we may also enumerate a *Letter*, by Charles T. Pearce, M.D., *On Homœopathic and Allopathic Institutions*,—*The Triennial Report of the Northamptonshire Homœopathic Dispensary*,—*A Statement of the Principal Reasons for certain Resolutions to the Congress for Commercial Freedom, assembled at Brussels*, by Henry Dix Hutton, and *J. W. Huxell's Bubble Burst*, a pamphlet on personal matters, by Mr. George Cruikshank.

YEAR-BOOKS AND ALMANACS.—Few of the year-books and almanacs present remarkable novelties this year; which is satisfactory in one sense, perhaps, as indicating few “wants” on the part of the purchasing public. Among the old and favourite almanacs now on our table, which it is almost sufficient for us to announce—so well known are their good points,—are—*The British Almanac*, with its very useful and excellent *Companion*,—*The Household Words Almanac*—*The Protestant Dissenters' Almanac and Political Annual*—*The Bolton Almanac and Year-Book of Local and General Information*—*Morton's New Farmer's Almanac for 1857*—*Dietrichsen & Hannay's Royal Almanac*—*The Royal Crystal Palace Almanac*—*Cassell's Illustrated Almanac*. Mr. George Pollard has issued his pretty *Sheet Almanac*, gay with green and gold; and *Raphael* his usual book of mystery and folly. Messrs. De la Rue & Co. have issued three Pocket-books for the new year, each being excellent in its way: one is a *Medical Memorandum Book and Indelible Diary*, containing plenty of ruled pages for cases. Another is an *Improved Indelible Diary and Memorandum Book* for general use; and the third a ladies' *Indelible Pocket-book*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson's Ladies of the Reformation, 2nd series, sq. 12s. 6d. cl.  
 Bayle's Art of Valuing Rents, by Donaldson, 8c. new ed. 10s. 6d.  
 Bohn's British Classics. De Foe's Novels, Vol. 6. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Bohn's Standard Lib. Foster's Critical Essays, Vol. 2. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Bray's Mirror, cheap ed. Travels of an Itinerary, 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Browne's Granny's Wooden Chair, illust. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Claremont Tales, new ed. 8s. 12s. 6d. cl.  
 Clarke's Watch-Tower Book, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Cobbett's Advice to Young Men, New ed. 12mo. 3s. bds.  
 Congregational Pulpit, Vol. 2. 2s. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
 Cornwall's Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems, illust. 8vo. 15s.  
 Crowquill's Gruffal So Illudrinken, 4to. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Cyclopaedia of Popular Songs, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 De Morn's Narrative of his Imprisonment, 12mo. 2s. cl.  
 Dunley's Matter, its Forces and Governing Laws, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Eyre's The Stomach and its Difficulties, 4th ed. 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.  
 Farr's School and Family Hist. of England, new ed. 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Fenn's Lamb's head ed. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Fenn's Compendium of English and Foreign Fables, 6th ed. 7s. 6d.  
 Funny Books for Boys and Girls, 4to. 2s. cl.  
 Gallen's Castellamonte, 2nd ed. 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.  
 Grant's School Series. Domestic Economy, 18mo. 1s. swd.  
 Grant's Law relating to Bankers and Banking, post 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Hood's Pen and Pencil Pictures, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Horton's Gethsemane, and other Poems, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Hubbard's Agnes Milbourne, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Humphreys's Ocean Gardens, illust. sq. 8s. cl. gilt.  
 Johnson's Domestic Management of Children, 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Jones's (William) Memorials, by his Son, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Kavanagh's Myths traced through Language, 3 vols. 21s. cl.  
 King's Grammar at Sight, 2nd ed. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Lardner's Museum, Vol. 12. 1s. 6d. bds.; and 6th double vol. 3s. 6d. Lilliesleaf, new ed. post 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Ministering Children, illust. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Mr. Verdant Green's Adventures, Part 3, 8vo. 1s. swd.  
 Newton's (Adelaide L.) Memoir, by Baillie, new ed. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Northcote's Fables, illust. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Parlor Library. Thomson's Widows and Widowers, 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Piesse's Art of Perfumery, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Poe's Poetical Works, with Life by Hanny, 2nd ed. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
 Railway Library. Hood's Tynley Hall, 7s. 2s. bds.  
 Redwood's Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, 2nd ed. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.  
 Rosa Grey; or, the Officer's Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
 Savory's Compendium of Domestic Medicine, 6th ed. 12mo. 5s. cl.  
 Sisters of Solitude, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Sportsman's Friend in a Frost, by Hicover, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Stowe's Dred, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Sunday, the Rest of 14 Hour, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Tate's Commercial Arithmetic, 6th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Taylor on Poisoning by Strichnia, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People, illust. new ed. 5s.

WELSH PERIODICALS.

It has been the misfortune of Wales to have herself criticized by extreme men, being either enthusiasts or detractors; so that when a stranger hears the Welshman when descending upon his country, his language, or his pedigree, a kind of incredulity and mirth comes over him; and I am afraid that the articles of your Correspondent “W.” on “Welsh Periodicals” are not calculated

to restore the confidence of the foreigner. There appears to be several kinds of inebriation, and amongst them the “*amor patriæ*” inebriation, in which state men become dazzled with moonshine. They talk very silly things and very ridiculous things. I assure the reader that I am a thorough-bred Welshman, yielding to none in love of country and in admiration of the language and literature of the Cymry, and most particularly of the ancient Cymry; but it is my opinion that exaggeration, varnish, and idle parade should be avoided.

I have no wish to enter fully into the subject of the articles under consideration; but I think it just to the readers of the *Athenæum* to show that the statements therein made by “W.” are capable at least of some modification.

In the first place, the writer takes upon him to give the circulation of our Welsh newspapers and magazines; and this is given as an index to show the state of learning and the literary character of the Cymry. We are told that the circulation of the *Amserau* is 100,000; the *Geron*, 30,000; the *Seren Gomer*, 20,400; the *Herald*, 9,000. Now the editor of the *Athenæum* will allow me to state that I have a direct personal knowledge of the inner workings of more than one of the above papers and magazines, and I must say, that for every 20,000, your correspondent has given you 19,000 above the mark! I have every reason to believe that this wild exaggeration is in the same ratio as to the other magazines; and if the writer doubts my statement, I shall be happy, through the editor of the *Athenæum*, to furnish him with full statistics. I think there are other instances, in this article, where the writer has been equally extravagant with the varnish. I may refer only to the “peasant authorship” which, as a feature peculiar to Welsh magazines, pamphlets, and books, he seems to put down as an honour and as a blessing to our nation; but the writer must be aware that there are others who would set this peculiar feature down in the catalogue of our misfortunes. They argue thus:—in the first place, to put a peasant, as a general rule, to teach, is a reversion of social laws—the blind to lead the blind; and, in the second place, the magazines and pamphlets which they produce are, on the whole, *trashy*, contracted, dogmatical, schismatical, factious—hodge-podge—whimsical. Now this may be considered strong language:—well, be it so; but I have before my eyes those magazines, and the state of society in Wales; and I have also before my eyes the growing distaste—indeed disgust—of every informed Welshman to these old-school magazines, whose principal contributors are peasants and illiterate scribblers. So great is the distaste, that without the periodical and constant pressure of the pulpit, of conferences, and of itinerary agency, there would be a crash soon in the Welsh magazine emporium; and indeed, even now, in spite of these agencies, if “W.” will consult statistics as to circulation, he will find that the circulation of only one Welsh newspaper and some two or three magazines can enable the publishers to pay for the editing of them, much less for contributing to their pages. Now, having before my eyes these facts,—at least I believe them to be facts,—I come to a different conclusion to “W.” as to the value of “peasant literary contributions;” and a fall of demand for such literary goods would be a sign of progress on the part of my countrymen. I say this in conclusion, that the “peasant contribution” feature, so much paraded, was the result of necessity more than choice, as no Welsh magazine or newspaper could pay for contributions on account of the limited character of the demand; and this small amount of demand did and does arise—not because the Welshman reads less than the Englishman, but because the Welsh market is more limited than the English. Wales is small enough, but sectarianism has again subdivided it into so many “states”—and they are not, unfortunately, “United States”—that the poor publisher does well in not extending his calculation further than the boundary line. There is another disadvantage connected with this necessary limited sale,—the



publishers cannot command talent, so that editors, in some instances, are men of no literary standing; there is no confidence in them; they carry no weight:—the literary standard is lowered, and the press, in such hands, serves more the purposes of mischief than of good. Division—faction—schism—have been the destroying angels—the guardian demons—of the Celt, since the Celts became a society or a nation. As an illustration of the literary status of the Welsh editorial bench, some curious translations appeared some weeks ago, in a provincial newspaper, from the leading article of the *Seren Gomer*. In a low and calumnious attack upon Consecration, we find that the grave editor tells his sapient readers, "that the bishop gets fifty pounds for the act of consecration; that he does it on account of that sum of money;" and the consecration is represented to be "a sowing of two or three handfuls of salt over the enclosure, by the bishop;" and in the same article Confirmation is said to be administered by the bishop or some other minister appointed by him. Now this editor was reasoned with, in this provincial paper at the time, and was informed that the bishop did not receive any remuneration for consecration—that salt was not used in consecration—and that a bishop only could confirm. The editor considered himself insulted. In an article in the *Merthyr Guardian*, in reference to Welsh editorship, the writer says: "Here is a specimen of Welsh Dissenters' editorial warfare against the Established Church: it contains three or four downright falsehoods; they are uttered deliberately, with Jesuitical, unctuous lips, and for a systematic purpose of poisoning and embittering the minds of the people against the Church. Now, an editor in England that could utter such barefaced untruths would at once be hooted down from the stage; but it is not so in Wales: they can be reiterated with perfect impunity. The magazine circulates within the orbit of the sect; the sect looks up with stupid amazement and blind faith to their oracles, and there is but little danger that people out of the orbit will ever possess sufficient resolution to wade through such trashy, wishy-washy, higgledy-piggledy lucubrations: and as for the editors and the contributors—their intellectual stupidity, their moral bluntness and narrow party spirit, render them perfect proof against any compunction of shame."

I give this extract as an illustration and proof of my statement as to the quality of an unpaid-unlettered press. I have taken the reader behind the counter: superficial, raw, extravagant representations of a noisy school should be checked, as they serve only to compromise our interest and our charter. Our motto should still be—"Y gwir yn erbyn y byd"—Truth against the world.

Yours, &c. CASWALLON.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, Oct. 28.

THE English portion of the playgoing public here has lately been enjoying a theatrical treat of genuine home extraction, which well deserves a word of mention beyond the Alps. In these locomotive days, when all things desirable—crowned heads and *prime donne absolutes* included—are engaged in a perpetual game of Puss in the Corner, one does not look to find intellectual rarities exclusively at home in their birthplace, any more than tropical fruits or Genoa velvets. But though the days are over when—

Men, like limpets, hug the stone,  
How'er the salt spray beat thereon;

still, one scarcely expects to see on a Florentine stage, and by an Italian actor (one, too, who has never quitted Italy), such an embodiment of Shakespeare's Othello as Signor Salvini presented last week to crowded houses at the Cocomero Theatre. Not a few among the audience had witnessed the performance of the part by the greatest actors of the English stage. Their memories were full of the telling points and favourite readings of Kemble, Kean, and Young. They were not, therefore, likely to be over-indulgent to a foreign actor compelled by the unqualified medi-

ocrity of all the other *dramatis personæ* to trace the great Poet's thought single-handed "in rapid throbs and tears" on the hearts of his hearers. Signor Salvini had, moreover, to wrestle with the additional difficulties of a creditably faithful, but chilly translation, the very faithfulness of which was a stumbling-block in the way of the Italian portion of the audience, as offending in many places against the *convenances* and stern necessities of Italian dramatic poetry.

Still, with all these disadvantages, the actor found means to soothe away the terrors of the exclusive Della Cruscan by his admirable dignity and the harmonious rhythm of his declamation, till they forgot the "unbecoming barbarisms" in the towering passion of the scene; while the English, almost without an exception, did full justice to his powers, and many declared his portrait of the valiant Moor to be scarcely, if at all, inferior to the standard of our highest tragic models.

Signor Salvini is by birth a Florentine, and is said to have formed his style, especially as regards declamation, on that of the celebrated Italian tragedian, Modena, whose powerful acting may be remembered with pleasure by many of the readers of the *Athenæum*. The conception and masterly delineation of the character of Othello are, however, exclusively his own, and the success has been as unexpected as it is complete. Some of the more stirring spirits of young Italy regard as an important presage of intellectual revolution the mere fact of translation of one of Shakespeare's plays walking the Italian stage with triumph, especially one in which the hypercritical purists of a few years back are compelled to listen without a visible shudder to a repetition of such homely noun-substantives as "*il fazzoletto*,"—"the handkerchief,"—which in itself would formerly have sufficed to raise a storm of ridicule unless refined into some such phrase as "*la nivea benda*," or paraphrased as "*di lino candidissimo la trama*:" so dogged were the old Cruscant in insisting on their absurd euphuisms, and thinking that they thereby did Apollo service. Certain it is, that a strong Shakespeare-movement is stirring throughout Italy in the wake of Signor Salvini's performances, and the title of "the immortal father of the Drama" is often heard reverently applied, in this the very stronghold of classicism, to the creator of Hamlet and King Lear.

Signor Salvini is gifted with an excellent stage presence and a full and sympathetic voice. He dresses the character with picturesque effect, and has the good taste to substitute a slight bronze tint on face and hands, which leaves the countenance its full play of light and shade for the thorough coating of Day-and-Martin which was once Othello's complexion of *riquer*. Very remarkable too is the staid Oriental grace of speech and gesture in which he drapes the deportment of the noble Moor, until in the terrible last act he blazes out into the savage fury of the genuine Arab blood, and lets out his life not, as with us, by a poniard stab, but by drawing his kanjar across his throat, and when on the ground painfully dragging himself to die beside the bed whereon Desdemona lies murdered. A questionable change this, and one which needed all the actor's skill and power to make even endurable to English eyes. Perhaps the finest part of the performance was his by-play while listening to Iago's poisonous promptings. The growing anguish and despair of the noble heart "which dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves," was given with such masterly truth, as to render the audience charitable even to the jolly, churping, broad caricature of Iago, who uttered his wildest suggestion as if it were an excellent good joke, and chuckled through his part with an intensity of misapprehension never before witnessed on any stage.

Those learned in the *Chronique scandaleuse* of the green-room report that there was recently some talk of Signor Salvini accompanying Madame Ristori on her second visit to England. He is said to have stipulated, not unreasonably, for the performance of a single drama in which he should sustain the leading part; but it seems that the great tragic actress insists on ruling without compeer; so that

the negotiation between the rival powers has been hopelessly broken off.

But if our Cocomero may fairly boast of its tragedy, the grand new Amphitheatre in the Piazza Maria Antonia has supplied us with materials for farce, during the last two months, in the rich crop of absurdities which have distinguished it *usque ab ovo*, chequered only by one touch of very real and dismal melo-drama. This huge wooden *inconvenien*cy, the erection of which was mentioned some time back in the columns of the *Athenæum*, was set up, no one knew why, to be paid for, no one knew when, and inaugurated, no one could even guess how. Its programme of entertainments and chances of success created more eager discussion here than the fate of the Crimean war, and *L'Anfiteatro Fiorentino* passed into a by-word, even before it had a real existence. It proved, however, no laughing matter, but rather a source of hopeless despair and death to its first unlucky *impreario*, who finding himself, as some said, utterly unable to make head against the multiplied demands on his very scanty purse, or being forbidden, as others declared, by the authorities, at the very last moment, to open his "Folly" to the public, lest it should serve as a rallying point for political malecontents, fairly gave up the struggle on the day before that appointed for the first performance, and went and laid himself down, poor soul! in the shallows of the Arno, and there ended his life and his bankruptcy together. So down came the magniloquent bills of the Florentine Amphitheatre, and every one said it was to be demolished without delay. But only a week later the "Folly" was all in a flutter again with white and red flags; and under a blazing sun, beating down on the empty boxes and benches of half the Arena, with a whole armament of horse and foot to repress revolutionary symptoms, the grand spectacle of "The Return from Naples of the Florentine Ambassadors in the year fourteen hundred and odd," was enacted in presence of four or five thousand patios souls, who occupied the space destined for more than six times the number. This monstrous child's play was announced in the bills as a lesson in *civilization and history* presented to the Florentine people, and to this end the properties of half the theatres of Florence were ransacked for appropriate costumes (Roman, Grecian, and every thing—but Italian); a whole cohort of drummers was hired, regardless of peace and quiet; and the representatives of the noble Florentine Envoys, Ridoi, Strozzi and Castellani, recently promoted from selling fowls and water-melons in the *Mercato vecchio*, rode forth in olive crowns and pea-green mantles, turned up with their every-day fustian, to have their good services recorded by the Gonfaloniere and Signoria of the Republic (remarkable for their red serge bed-gowns), in a marble-covered account-book, to the martial music of sixpenny trumpets and the persevering orchestra of drums. By way of additional attraction, the well-known banner-play of the Siennese *Contrade*, or Guilds, accompanied the pageant; but this peculiar pastime, which makes an admirable bit of *moyen-âge* character and colour in the midst of the stern old Piazza of Siena at its yearly *fêtes*, when executed here in a circle of "neat" modern dwellings and girdled by a frame of well-turned carpenter's work, with never a man of all the jealous, emulous, quarrelsome guilds to follow their banner-bearers, came down to the level of the whole display and became purely ridiculous. Of course, the repetition of such a huge mistake (for there were more than 1,000 performers engaged in the show) was impossible both to purse and patience. The succeeding representations have been confined to horse races, at which some of the high-mettled racers could not be persuaded to start, and others, when started, could not be prevailed on to stop; moderately-good fireworks for those who had patience to wait for them till the last act; and, by way of culminating point of attraction, a camel race! performed by six patient individuals from the camel *haras* of Pisa, three of which doggedly refusing to enter into the spirit of the scene, despite the efforts of their bur-noused jockeys and of a host of turbaned little boys in waiting, serenely squatted down on their haunches after about six unwilling strides, and

persisted, thus varying the Natural public.

The poet, confining the *Athenæum* why it should be business on the very day autumn n

So, when in uneasy stored up, and jangling metallic of peace Father T of the D to the H and inco brother eny getting Carnival the man throne. the time future?

Shaks pleasure upon the Mr. Len Pappas, tion. amount together labours a kind of was born up. M present 1552 th minute the roy feil of ROGER the cha we belie must le into hi we com Warwi Shaks been n Sandel licence He fig here w the tra pended trained at a m there, "Will who h upon a atten men a 1580." This, among "the bood, person know, serves chases person guish or sta scripti of Bar Green "Tho

persisted, to the amusement of the spectators, in thus varying to their own liking the lesson in Natural History provided for the Florentine public.

The performances are said to be now at an end; but, conformably to the chapter of ridicules attending the *Amfiteatro* from its birth, as no one knew why it should be put up, so no one thinks it his business to pull it down, and a lawsuit is pending on the subject, during which the "Folly" stands very disconsolately waiting for its share of the first autumn rains.

So, while the rest of Italy is tossing and turning in uneasy dreams, and war ammunition is being stored up at Gaeta, and Naples is shouting hymns and jangling church-bells to drown a certain other metallic clanking in her streets less demonstrative of peace and goodwill on earth, and while pious Father Tommaso Airdali, Grand Inquisitor of the Papal States, with the philosophical discernment of the Dark Ages, and the tender mercy "*peculiar to the Holy Office*," is prohibiting "suffumigations, and incantations to the demon, and encouraging, nay, enjoining, the denunciation of heresy by brother against brother,—our little capital is getting itself into dancing order for the coming Carnival and preparing its best bib and tucker for the marriage *fêtes* of the heir-apparent to the throne. Who shall say which is the truer sign of the times or which shows fairer promise for the future!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Shakespeare scholars and critics will learn with pleasure that a few sparkles of light are thrown upon the family and connexions of the Poet by Mr. Lemon's volume of 'Calendars of the State Papers,' which is now on the eve of publication. By itself the new information does not amount to a very great deal, but it is by putting together the disjointed fragments turned up by the labours of antiquaries that we grow at length into a kind of knowledge of the home in which the poet was born, and of the men amongst whom he grew up. Mr. Lemon's Calendar, contained in the present volume, extends from 1547 to 1550. In 1552 there is notice of a Doquet—that is, a brief minute of the contents of a document prepared for the royal signature—which runs thus:—"A forfeit of 36*l.* 10*s.* granted to Abraham Longwel, ROGER SHAKESPEARE, and Thomas Best, yeomen of the chamber." The yeoman of the chamber is, we believe, a new member of the family. We must leave it to the genealogists to dovetail him into his proper place in the pedigree. In 1559 we come upon the valuable book of *Musters* for Warwickshire which has already been used by Shakespeare biographers, but we do not think it has been noticed that it contains a mention of "Fulke Sandell," one of the bondsmen on obtaining the licence for the poet's marriage with Ann Hathaway. He figured on the bond as an *agricola* of Stratford; here we find him as the bearer of a "hacbut" in the trained band for the parish of Coughton. Appended to the same book of *musters* is a list of the trained bands for the hundred of Barlichway taken at a muster on the 23rd of September, 1605, and there, amongst the men for Rowington, stands "William Shakespeare," no doubt the same person who has already been elsewhere observed as serving upon a jury in 1614. In 1580, Mr. Lemon points attention to "A Book of the names of the gentlemen and freeholders in the county of Warwick, 1580." The post was then sixteen years of age. This, therefore, is a list of all the men of any note amongst whom he passed his youth. These were "the observed" of his period and his neighbourhood, the subjects of his earliest out-of-door personal observation, and in some cases, as we know, of his caustic satire. The whole list deserves studying in this light. The names are classed according to the hundreds in which the persons alluded to dwelt, and are either distinguished as those of knights, esquires, or gentlemen, or stand merely as freeholders, without any descriptive addition. In the last class, in the hundred of Barlichway, amongst the Sadlers, Quineys, and Greens, are found "JOHN SHAKESPEARE" and "Tho. Shakspeare." In the same year, 1580, there

occurs another book of a similar kind, probably prepared at the same time and for the same purpose as the last, but it is arranged differently and presents some additional information. It is entitled "A Book of the Names and Dwelling-places of the Gentlemen and Freeholders in the County of Warwick, 1580." Here we not only find the "John Shakspeare" of the former paper, but have him assigned to Stratford-upon-Avon, and so placed in connexion with his fellow-townsmen that we may draw some fair conclusions as to his local standing. There can be no doubt that this was the poet's father. His occurrence in such a list at that date may probably be found to have a bearing upon the question of his circumstances. The whole list for Stratford-upon-Avon runs thus:—"Nicholas Banister, gent.; William Clapton, esquier; John Saddler; John Wheeler; Nicho. Lane; JOHN SHAKESPEARE; Humfrye Plumley; Lewis ap Williams; William Bryce; Adrian Qvenge; Robert Hynde; Thomas Dyer, alias Barber; John Comes, gent.; William Underhill, gent.; Philip Greene"; and twenty-three others. There is here scarcely a name that is not connected with the poet. In the same second Book of 1580 the "Tho. Shakspeare" of the previous paper is assigned to "Rowington." Shottery contains but one freeholder who is not a "Hathaway," but "Richard Woodard." The name of Lemon is connected with valuable manuscript discoveries. We trust the forthcoming volume will add to its many claims upon us of that kind.

The name of Mr. Angus B. Reach occurs amongst the deaths of the week. This gentleman, for many years connected with the newspaper press—particularly with the *Morning Chronicle*—and with more than one of those ephemeral publications which, in its earlier time sought to rival *Punch*—was a light and genial writer. Besides his contributions to the press, Mr. Reach wrote two or three volumes of sketches and stories. Two years ago he retired from literary occupation in consequence of a paralytic affection; and he has now closed his career before his thirty-fifth birthday.

The Gaisford prizes for the best Greek exercise, in prose and verse, are announced; the first being the translation of forty-two lines of 'Paradise Lost' into Homeric verse: the second, a dialogue in Greek prose, subject 'Empedocles.'

A volume which appears to have once belonged to Bothwell, the paramour and husband of Mary Queen of Scots, turned up in a sale, last week, at Edinburgh. It is a copy of a mathematical work printed at Paris in 1538—'L'Arithmétique et Géométrie de Maître Estienne de la Roche.' The book is in the original binding, and has the sides stamped with a well-cut die, showing the arms of Bothwell, with the motto "Kiip Trest"—that is "Keep Trust"—and the inscription, "Jacobus Hepbrvn Comes Both. D. Hailles Cricthone et Liddes. at Magn. Admiral. Scotie." It is supposed that the binding was executed in France, as the workmanship is very superior, and the armorial bearings beautifully cut and designed. "We believe," says the *Scotsman*, "there is only another volume known to exist of the famous Earl's once magnificent library, and that is in possession of the Faculty of Advocates." The volume was knocked down for thirteen guineas.

A trial of interest to dramatic authors was held in the Westminster County Court on Friday week: the plaintiff being Mr. G. H. Lewes, the defendant Mr. E. T. Smith, of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Lewes claimed payment for certain representations of 'The Game of Speculation.' Mr. Smith's plea was, that the drama had been disposed of to Mr. C. Mathews, who had a right to play it whenever he pleased. The Judge recognized the plaintiff's argument, that such sale had only taken place in reference to the *Lyceum Theatre*; he pointed out that no permission had been granted to the Drury Lane management, and sentenced Mr. Smith to pay for the seven representations which had taken place.—Every verdict of the kind in support of precision of contracts, and increase of the far-fetched and dearly-bought gains of the brain-

proprietor has a value, to honourable managers no less than to authors.

Dr. Petermann sends us the following notes on Dr. Livingston's discoveries:—

"Gotha, Nov. 15.

"Dr. Livingston's last journey has recently been so often alluded to in the *Athenæum* that I presume your readers must, by this time, feel anxious to hear of its principal results, which have only been vaguely hinted at, and what appears to be the most interesting discovery made by that indefatigable explorer not noticed at all. This discovery mainly sets at rest the much-disputed question, as to what becomes of the magnificent river of Sesheke, or Barotse, or Leambye, discovered by him in the middle of the interior, in 1851,—whether it is lost in the desert, like the Zouga, as some believed,—or whether it reached the Indian Ocean, and at what point, through what channel, the Zambezi or not. This is not only a most interesting geographical problem, but it also depends upon the eventual development of that river, whether the countries explored by Dr. Livingston will be accessible to Europeans by a practicable water-communication, which is so essential for effectually spreading civilization and commerce into the benighted regions of the interior of Africa. Dr. Livingston has found the *River Leambye to form the upper course of the Zambezi*, thus confirming the opinion humbly entertained by myself (see 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Vol. II. Part I. 1853, p. 214; and *Athenæum*, April 28, 1855, p. 490). It now remains to be seen whether the Zambezi will be found navigable; meanwhile, the only considerable river in Inner Africa as yet proved to be navigable as well as accessible from the sea, is the Benue, discovered by Dr. Barth; and it is much to be regretted that its successful navigation by Dr. Baikie, in Mr. Macgregor Laird's exploring steamer *Pleid*, was not continued; but it is to be hoped that it may soon be more vigorously taken up.

"AUGUSTUS PETERMANN."

Part of the stock-in-trade of a witch was held to be the power of saying the Lord's prayer backwards. How this was, we do not know: but certainly, part of the stock-in-trade of an arithmetical conjuror, is the power of performing some simple operations left side foremost. What is, by plain headwork, 8 times 4? Our schooltaught reader plunges boldly into 8 times 7 is 56, and he will carry 5: and he does carry 5, but when he comes to where he ought to set his burden down, he finds that the gentleman to whose house he was to carry it, is gone away without leaving any address. What was it? Oh, *forty-seven*: but by the time 8 times 4 is got, it is found that the figure which was safe in arms two seconds since, ran away the moment it was let go. Now try this other mode. The figures 4 and 7 being well in the head, try 32; 56, thinking of 32, first, and in the act of thinking of 56 rapidly after 32, make a junction of the middle figures; this gives 376. Try this a few times, and it shall result that the arithmetician to whom two figures always stood for pen, ink, and paper, will multiply two figures by one, without a pang, by the head alone. Some cunning men do this by mother wit, and for a life long, without ever analyzing their process. But at least nine out of ten never are wise above what was written in Walkington or Bonnycastle.

M. Gustave Otté sends us a section of the 'Dictionary of French Administration'—a work lately noticed in these columns, to show that the functions of Napoleon are described and the laws which regulate them quoted. M. Otté will excuse us for saying that he has not well understood our point. We never denied that under the term "constitution" the organization of the public forces was briefly indicated; but we said, and still say, that in a 'Dictionary of Administration' the imperial functions should have been explained under the word "Emperor." They are not. The word Emperor is wanting in the list. What should we say of an English Dictionary of Administration which left out the word "Queen," or an American dictionary without "President"?

Herr Paul Heyse has just presented the friends of his muse with a new poem, 'Die Braut von Cyprien.'



It is a sort of humorous epic, half in Ariosto's and half in Byron's 'Don Juan' style,—takes its subject from Boccaccio,—is written in the *ottave rime* metre,—and, if one may judge from the melodious extracts given in the German journals, bids fair to be, up to this time, the most perfect work of the young poet.

Vienna papers speak of an accession to the Oriental Manuscript Collection in the Kaiser Library—the result of a searching commission, conducted by Baron Schlecht, interpreter at Constantinople. The manuscripts are in the Arabic and Turkish languages.

"Tiberius built or inhabited a palace," writes a friend from Capri, "certainly inhabited one, on one of the highest points of the island of Capri. The ruins of it still remain, and in the midst of them has risen up a chapel dedicated to the service of Madonna del Soccorso, as also a small house inhabited by a hermit. The locality is, from its great height and isolated position, much exposed to be struck by lightning, and yet Suetonius says of the Emperor: 'Tonitrua tamen præter modum expavescebat; et turbatione celo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quod fulmine afflari negetur id genus frondis.' Had the Emperor, however, been in his favourite abode not very long since, not all the laurels in the island could have saved him. It was a few days before the earthquake, which alarmed so many nations, took place, that a thunderstorm broke over the island of Capri, and added ecclesiastical to the classical ruins of the spot. The lightning entered the chapel of the Punto di Tiberio, and destroyed the altar, the framework of an oil painting of the Madonna, and took off the silver which crowned her brows. The picture itself was left intact, and not a few regard this fact as the result of a miraculous interposition of Providence. The ground of the building, too, was covered with stones which had been rent from the walls. Adjoining the chapel were a couple of small rooms, in one of which the hermit was sleeping when the storm broke over the island; the other was destroyed by the lightning and fell over the cliff, whilst that in which the hermit reposed was opened to the sky. His escape was indeed wonderful. The last, therefore, not of the Emperors, but of the residents of the imperial palace of Capri, has been driven from his dwelling-place. That which time had failed to do, the lightning has accomplished; and, from all I can hear, the 'Monaco,' 'Eremita,' or 'St. Antonio,'—by whatever name the club-footed devotee on the eastern point of the island of Capri be best known to the traveller, bids fair to vanish from amongst the curiosities of the neighbourhood."

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, BADEN, UP THE RHINE, and PARIS, is NOW OPEN EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Stalls can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every day between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.—The Morning Representations take place every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 4, Coventry Street, Leicester Square.—OPEN, for Gentlemen only, from 10 till 10. Containing upwards of 1,000 Models and Preparations, illustrating every part of the Human Frame in Health and Disease, the Races of Men, &c. Lectures are delivered at 12, 2, 4, and half-past 7, by Dr. SEYDOR, F.R.G.S., and at a Quarter past 8 p.m. precisely, by Dr. KAHN.—Admission, One Shilling.

## SCIENTIFIC

### SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—Nov. 15.—S. Stregson, Esq. M.P. in the chair.—W. Spottiswoode, Esq. was elected a Resident Member.—Various donations to the library and museum were presented: among the latter was a curious collection of emblems, insignia, MSS., stamps, &c., used in the secret political societies of China, received from His Excellency Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong. A letter was read from His Majesty the major King of Siam, dated at his palace in Bangkok, on the 8th of May last. The letter is written in English, and expresses His Majesty's most gracious acknowledgments at being elected an honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and his great regret at the unfortunate loss of the diploma of honorary membership, through the upsetting of a boat, together with presents from Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The king wishes the Society to suggest in what manner he can forward its objects, and promises to devote his leisure from public business to that end. In the mean time His Majesty sends copies of the official and standard seals of the Government of Siam; also a dozen cards, engraved with his name, in English characters. In a subsequent letter, addressed to the President, His Majesty forwards two small works, intended for the instruction of the Siamese in the English language, prepared by one of his nephews, and printed at the Royal Printing Office.—A letter was also read from His Majesty the second King, tendering his thanks to the Society for his election as honorary member; and stating that if he can promote the interests of the Society in any way, it will afford him sincere pleasure to do so.—The Secretary then read, from a general minute, by Sir H. G. Ward, on the Eastern Province of Ceylon, some extracts relating to several very ancient and extensive tanks, now gone to decay, which has been visited by him, as governor of the island, with a view to the possibility of turning them to practical account. Within a space of sixty miles, there are distributed no fewer than nine tanks, constructed with great labour, considerable engineering skill, and with such solidity that their embankments seem to defy the hand of time. They are formed by running an enormous bund, or rampart of earth, from one natural elevation to another, thus converting the valley between them into an artificial reservoir, which is supplied by the rains, and by the natural drainage and streams from the higher lands. The waters thus collected and stored are let off by sluices for the purposes of irrigation. Forty miles further north is the Padivil cōlum (tank), the most gigantic work of all, the bund of which is 11 miles long and 70 feet high; 30 feet broad at the summit, and 180 feet at the base. This tank was constructed in the sixty-second year of the Christian era, and must have occupied a million of people from ten to fifteen years. The enormous trees growing upon the bunds of this and other tanks attest the antiquity of the work. In the tank of Minery there is no visible outlet at the point where the stream issues forth; yet the supply of water is perennial, and is no doubt regulated by one of those ancient sluices placed under the bed of the lake, which seems to have answered their purpose so admirably, though modern engineers cannot explain their action. These tanks are situated in a most lovely and fertile country, rich in all the elements of successful industry, but quite destitute of inhabitants, though in ancient times the country must have been thickly peopled. The tanks might be repaired at a comparatively small expense, but without men to utilize their advantages they would be useless. An attempt at colonizing must therefore be made; and Sir G. Ward recommends that a plan proposed by Capt. Sim, R.E., for settling the neighbourhood of the Kandely tank should be fairly tested, and that 1,000l. should be devoted to that purpose. Capt. Sim's Report on this tank was annexed, from which it appears that it presents an area of about 15 square miles in the rainy season, and never less than 3 miles in the driest. Its interior is faced with loose boulders, and it has two stone sluices or aqueducts, at different sites and levels, and the waters they supply unite at a short distance and form a stream, which, after a course of 12 miles, falls into the sea, close to the harbour of Trincomalee. With the exception of the sluices, the tank is in perfect repair. Capt. Sim recommends that cultivators should be invited to settle, and that the land should be let or sold to them at favourable rates; and, further, that advances should be made for the support of the most indigent during the first year of occupancy. The experiment, if fairly tried, may lead to valuable results, as there can be no doubt that there is a very poor and surplus population in the northern provinces and in other parts of the island.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Nov. 20.—E. Hawkins, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary exhibited a number of Anglo-Saxon relics obtained by him in North Wilts, Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, and read an account by himself of the

discovery of Anglo-Saxon remains at Kemble, near Cirencester; including observations on a grant of land at Ewelme and Kemble by King Æthelstan, in the year 931.

CHEMICAL.—Nov. 17.—Dr. Williamson, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. E. O. Brown read a paper 'On a New Volumetric Method for the Determination of Copper.' The author availed himself of the reaction of iodide of potassium upon a salt of copper, whereby subiodide of copper and free iodine are produced. The amount of iodine liberated is then estimated by a standard solution of hyposulphite of soda.—Dr. Guthrie read a paper 'On the Action of Light upon Chloride of Silver.'

METEOROLOGICAL.—Nov. 25.—Dr. Lee, President, in the chair.—W. Huggins, B. T. Griffith, W. Vicary, Esqrs., and Prof. Hennessy, were elected members.—The following paper was read by Dr. Moffat: 'On the Results of Ozone Observations at different Heights, taken during the Months of March, April, May and June of the Present Year.' The three stations at which the ozonometers were suspended were, one at the level of the sea, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from a tidal river; a second at the height of 260 feet, distant two miles; and the last at the height of 600 feet, four miles distant from the river. The quantity of ozone was found to be much greater at the height of 260 feet than at the sea-level; but considerably smaller at 600 feet high than at 260 feet. The station 600 feet high is situated to the S.E. of a small town, near which are many brick-works and potteries; also to the S.W. are brick and coal works. When these are in full employment the surrounding air is completely charged with the products of combustion. When the wind blows from the E., S.E., S. or S.W. the charged air is carried to the station at the height of 600 feet; but when blowing from the W. or S.W. the air would be taken to the station at the sea-level. Thus it appears that the minimum of ozone at the sea-level corresponds very nearly with the points of the compass, which gives the maximum quantity at the height of 260 feet.—Meteorological observations also were read, that had been made on board the steam-ship Royal Charter, Capt. Boyce, during her voyage to Sydney, between February 16th and April 15th, by F. Haes, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 25.—I. K. Brunel, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Brunel announced the decease, on the 21st instant, of Mr. J. M. Rendel, Past President of the Institution, and proposed, as a mark of respect for the memory of the late distinguished member, to adjourn the meeting.—The late Mr. J. M. Rendel was a native of the West of England, where he was practically instructed in the executive part of the profession, and was early selected by that acute observer of talent, Mr. Telford, for laying out and constructing considerable lengths of turnpike roads in Devonshire and Cornwall; and the difficulties he there encountered and overcame tended much to give him that self-reliance so useful to him in his subsequent career. After being engaged in several large works in his native district, he undertook the construction of the cast-iron bridge over the River Lary, near Plymouth, at the express desire of the Earl of Morley, who had the discrimination to discover the latent talents of the young engineer, then only twenty-two years of age; and to his exclusive direction, with the approval of Mr. Telford, was entrusted the execution of that important work. It was commenced in the year 1824, and was completed in 1827, as described in the first volume of the Transactions of the Institution. This was soon followed by the construction of the floating steam-bridge for crossing the estuary of the Dart near Dartmouth, somewhat on the same principle as those subsequently established by him for crossing the Hamoaze, between Torpoint and Devonport, as described in the second part of the Transactions, and, later still, those at Saltash, at Southampton, and at Portsmouth. He was engaged also in the distribution of the water-mains at H.M. Dockyard, Plymouth, and on the waterworks at Edinburgh. In the year 1838 he



removed from Plymouth to London, and soon became extensively occupied on important works, and was engaged in the parliamentary contests of that remarkable period in the history of engineering. Among the numerous works upon which he was occupied may be mentioned the Montrose Suspension Bridge; the Inverness Bridge, the Leith and the East and West India and London Docks, where he designed and executed extensive improvements amounting to partial reconstruction. The design for the construction of docks at Birkenhead, in Cheshire, of such an extent as to create a formidable rival to Liverpool, brought Mr. Rendel very prominently before the world, and the protracted contests on this subject will not only be long remembered in the history of Parliamentary Committees, but the evidence given by the projector and other engineers, as now collected, forms a valuable record of the state of engineering practice. The almost incessant labour and the mental anxiety inseparable from this undertaking were more than even his powerful constitution could support, and it is feared that they tended to shorten his valuable life. The daring project of constructing a dock at Great Grimsby, by projecting the works far out upon the mud banks of the river Humber was next successfully accomplished; and he commenced the two great works which alone suffice to hand down his name to posterity beside those of Smeaton, Rennie and Telford,—the harbours of refuge of Holyhead and Portland;—both these works were conceived with the largest views, and have been carried on with great rapidity. In both cases the system was adopted of establishing timber stages over the line of the jetties and depositing the masses of stone, of all dimensions, by dropping them vertically from railway waggons into their positions; thus bringing up the mass simultaneously to above the level of the sea. In this manner, as much as 24,000 tons of stone have been deposited in one week, and to supply this vast demand, monster blasts of five or six tons of gunpowder were frequently employed. These two great works are progressing very satisfactorily; and it is worthy of remark that, although the severe storms which have repeatedly occurred on the exposed coasts where they are situated have done some injury to portions of the stages and of the temporary works, not a stone would appear to have been carried away from the jetties; and the success of the system may be said to be complete, in spite of the sinister predictions which prevailed before the system was tried. Among the other works upon which Mr. Rendel was engaged should also be mentioned the constructions on the River Lea, and the improvements on the Nene river; the latter a work of considerable difficulty, and not yet completed. He was also employed by the Exchequer Loan Commissioners to report upon the drainage and other public works in Ireland. He was less engaged in railways than in hydraulic works; but in England he executed the Birkenhead, Lancashire and Cheshire Junction Line, and in India he had the direction of the East Indian and the Madras Railways, the former projected by Mr. Macdonald Stephenson, as the first of the vast system now being formed, and which will work such a revolution in the destiny of the Indian empire. The Ceylon and the Pernambuco lines were also under his charge. The limits of this short sketch preclude the possibility of enumerating more of the works upon which Mr. Rendel was engaged; and it would appear extraordinary how he could find time for such varied occupation, as, in addition to these active duties, he was very frequently called upon by the Government to report on large works, the most implicit confidence being reposed in his truthfulness, the correctness of his views, and the fearless expression of his opinions. He was a man of great energy, clear perception, and correct judgment; his practical knowledge was well directed, and he knew how to make good use of the scientific acquirements and skill of all whose services he engaged. His evidence before Committees of the House was clear and convincing—seldom failing in carrying his point,—and his Reports on engineering works are so well conceived and drawn up, that it may be hoped they will be given to the

world for the benefit of the profession. With these qualities, which were fully appreciated, it need scarcely be mentioned that he rose rapidly to a very high position in his profession. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was elected upon the Council; he was a very early Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, having joined it in 1824. He had been for the last sixteen years upon the Council, and held the post of President during the years 1852 and 1853. He was as amiable and kind in private life as he was energetic and firm in public; and his decease, which occurred on the 21st of November, cast a gloom over the whole of the profession of which he was a brilliant ornament.

**INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.**—Nov. 24.—P. Hardy, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Hodge read a paper, 'On the Rate of Interest for the use of Money in Ancient and Modern Times. Part I.'—The author commenced by stating that the practice of lending upon usury seems to have been coeval with the use of money, even if it is not of earlier date. What the rate of interest was among the Jews does not appear very clearly from the Old Testament, but from a passage in Nehemiah, (ch. v. ver. 11) it is conjectured by commentators that it was 1 per cent. per month; and as an additional month was intercalated every second or third year, this interest was equivalent to at least 13 per cent. paid yearly. He next noticed, that in Greece, as far as can be judged, no restriction was imposed on the rate of interest: at Athens, it appears to have usually varied from 12 to 18 per cent.; but instances are to be found of as much as 36 per cent. being paid. The market value of landed property in Attica may be estimated at 12 years' purchase, or 8½ per cent.; this might arise from the frequency of wars between the various states, and probably also, from the unpopularity of money-lenders, and the difficulty of recovering debts, which rendered it necessary to exact a high rate of interest on borrowed money. In Rome, according to Niebuhr, the rate was 8½ per cent. for the old year of ten months, that is, 10 per cent. per annum; but though this restriction was in force in Rome, in the conquered provinces enormous interest was exacted. By the Code of Justinian interest was limited to 8 per cent., except in the case of nautical insurance, when 12 per cent. might be taken. In the Basilian Code of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, published about the middle of the tenth century, interest for money is forbidden to be taken; it was forbidden also by the Canon Law in the West in the time of Charlemagne, a century and a half earlier, and at a synod held at Westminster, for the purpose of regulating Church discipline, all clergymen were ordered to abstain from interest and base lucre. In England the Jews, who had been protected by Henry the Second, were, as is well known, subjected to severe exactions under his successors, and, in 1290, were expelled from the kingdom. In the reign of Henry the Second, interest was at about 20 per cent., but as the security of property decreased the rate rose; and the sum of twopence per pound per week, i. e. upwards of 43 per cent. per annum was considered the ordinary rate of interest in the latter part of Henry the Third. It is noticeable that the rise of the Lombards and the decline of the Jews appear to be contemporaneous; and there can be little doubt that much jealousy existed between these classes. After the expulsion of the Jews, the history of money-lending in England is obscure, till in the third year of Henry the Seventh (1488) a statute was passed, forbidding interest to be taken. From an expression in this Act it would seem that 20 per cent. had been the usual rate of interest. In the thirty-seventh year of Henry the Eighth (1545) an Act was passed, allowing interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum to be taken. It is curious that, in the Exchequer Rolls of that same year, a fee-farm rent was sold by the king at twenty years' purchase. This law was repealed, and the former prohibition renewed, in 1552; but, in the next reign the Queen herself set the example of breaking the law, by borrowing 20,000*l.* from the City of London, for which she agreed to pay interest at the rate of 12

per cent. In the thirteenth year of Elizabeth (1571) the Act of Edward the Sixth was repealed, and interest at the rate of 10 per cent. was legalized; and this arrangement, which was at first to continue for five years, after several renewals, was made permanent in the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth (1597). At this epoch the writer closed the first part of his paper; promising on a future day to trace the history of interest, from its legalization to the present day.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Royal, 4.—Anniversary.  
—Entomological, 8.  
—British Architects, 8.  
—Royal Academy, 8.—Anatomy, by Prof. Partridge.  
—Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly.  
TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—On Recent Improvements in Water Meters, by Mr. Jopling.  
—Lancetan, 8.  
WED. Geological, 8.—Notices of the Eruption of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, by Messrs. Weld, Miller, and Coan.—Notice of the Earthquake at Rhodes, by Mr. Campbell.—On the Freshwater Formations of the Grecian Archipelago, by Capt. Spratt, R.N.  
—Society of Arts, 8.—On some New Methods of Dealing with Linseed Oil and other Oils, by Mr. Black.  
THURS. Society of Antiquaries, 8.  
—Zoological, 8.—General.  
—Photographic, 8.  
—Philological, 8.  
FRI. Archaeological Institute, 4.  
SAT. Asiatic, 2.

## FINE ARTS

## THE TURNERS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Eight more Turners help to drive Claude and Poussin from the walls of the palace.

The finest of these, a mountainous, cloudy miracle of colour and poetry, is that epitome of the *Odyssey*—*Ulysses deriding Polyphemus* (No. 508). Without entering upon the tiresome and useless question as to the year in which he painted this Tennysonian interpretation of Homer, we proceed at once to our analysis of the picture. The moment chosen is, say five minutes after Ulysses and his men have pushed their galleys from the dreadful shore of the giant cannibals. The great red oars are just raising themselves for their broader and freer swoop away towards Greece. The red flare of the Cyclops' cave burning low upon the wave, strikes into its green depths a mouldering and lurid brightness, as if Vulcan and Neptune were grappling, to the horror of the Tritons and the Mermaids. A tower of gold, the full-bosomed argosy swells on through a flood dyed with a gush of sunset. High on the deck, under the cream-coloured sail and the flutter of pink scarfings and flags, stands Ulysses waving a defiant torch at Polyphemus, who, colossal through mist, claws at his wound, himself tall as a pyramid and vast as an Alp. Dim and shapeless in the mountain air, he gropes and threatens, the terror of men and the scorn of the gods. Below, in a world of moonlit-coloured waves, the Nymphs, with phosphorescent stars upon their foreheads, lead the ship just as maidens at a sacrifice dragged the garlanded bull to the altar. Alarmed at their approach, or rather attendant on their wishes and sports, the hounds of the sea, the deer of the marine Diana, leap and roll and crouch, a shoal of dolphins filling the waves with zigzag lightnings. From the yards of the Grecian vessels, the men that swarm upon them thick as autumn swallows on sea-shore roofs, can see the mountains, white with snow or tawny with sunset. They see the pierced rocks out at sea, where the deep lies blue and frothy, ungilded and unscorched by the sunlight. Below the sun's yellow and vermilion Turner has placed his usual half-opaque fog blues and sea colours, that fade into cold, pearly greys. As for the vessel, apart from poetry, it is just such a bark as Turner would have painted from a silver snuff-box, a gilt cruet, and a gold pencil-case. The bows of the vessel are from the cruet, the curious platform to the left is founded on the snuff-chest, and the top of the mast is evidently derived from one of Mordan's best quality. As for the rig it would puzzle Lloyds and disgust Greenwich Hospital. It is a clipper built by Nobody and bound for Nowhere in particular. But for balance of hot and cold, blue and red, land and sea, truth and poetry, this is a most precious picture, the work of a choice brain and a most cunning right hand. It is the best of Turner's purely poetical pictures, and comes next to the 'Téméraire' for real truth.

One has the perfect truth of invention, the other the perfect truth of nature. Whether the effect is not English we leave Englishmen to judge. It is not well to quarrel with great works, and even a critic may be dazzled and silenced by such excellence. As in most of Turner's pictures, the extreme distance, and that neutral ground that is neither far nor near, is the happiest part of the work. An excellent contrast, too, has Turner got by running the keels of the further boats dark across the sunlight, just as Coleridge does the spectre ship in the 'Ancient Mariner.' It is natural, too, that Ulysses would push off last and cover his companions' retreat. We hope he does not wave his torch to exasperate the giant, who, having only one eye, and that out, could not comprehend the point of the joke.

*The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides* is a grand epical picture of the brown and time-dried style. With a little more liquorice and dust it might appear at a sale labelled "after the so-and-so school." It is full of transparent green-browns and neutral dusks, and has no daylight or sunbeams in it. It is a grand, dull, sombre piece of work. There is a classical pond, dark and cool (we should like to troll it for pike), and some buff-coloured women leaning and lounging. As for Discord, she is a Norwood gipsy, and nothing else. The golden fruit grows on dark, rank trees, and looks like sour lemons. The mountains are such as shut in Paradise in old missals, and are crowned with great clouds teeming with brightness, that cast red light in thunder-stricken places among the summits. Still the picture has great power. The slanting ravines are vast and threatening, and far away from his tree, like a fellow on a wreck, basks a huge dragon, whose breath infects the air. This dragon is no diseased alligator, but a real *bond fide* dragon of our fairy stories, all fire and scales, imperious to a razor-blade, very pestilential, and with teeth like a carving-knife. There is a sombre grandeur about the whole picture that, once admitting the convention of low tone, is imaginative and pleasing; but still the poetry is a borrowed poetry, and wants all vigour of originality.

*Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego*.—This is a recollection of a night in Merthyr Tydvil. It is the mere expression of one diluted thought, which will not mix up with the rest of the picture, but, like an obstinate drop of quicksilver, will run in a corner and sulk by itself. The picture is unfortunate, too, in consisting more than half of large figures, even larger and more feeble than usual with Turner, and that is saying much. There are hales of muslin gowns and piles of shawl-turbans, and so on, and much claspings and fighting, but nothing real and vital. The composition, too, is ill managed, with the horizontal canopy making a harsh right angle with the blank white buildings in the background. Even the colour is unpleasing, for the blue sky comes on each side the picture harsh and unmitigated, and the effect is crude and feeble. But the picture has its redeeming point in its dreadful revelation of fire, that breaks forth where the furnace doors fly open, and the red glory just thinly veiled with the black smoke, as if we saw Apollyon with a veil over his face, swells and roars. We hear it roar and tear out to lick up the wretched courtiers as lightning would scorch up flies. What a blinding gush of light that is to blaze in a king's face, with a white angel to point the meaning!

*Jason in search of the Golden Fleece* (47).—This is a dark picture of the Old Art school; just the light, the glimmering twilight of an oak-wainscoted room in a summer evening. We forget sun and moon, and are satisfied with the fictitious day, so sombre and calm. The picture is remarkable for one of those sublime bits of truth that in all Turner's works, however imitative, break forth like suns to disperse the fogs of convention. This scene of Jason's, for instance, if seen on the walls of some old house at the Hague, might have fairly passed as a work of two hundred years back; but for one of those vital pieces of thought, so peculiar to the sensational modern school of poetry, and which shows as strong a love of even the modest forms of nature as if we had just broken out from

tree or rock, and had passed from the Dryad or the stone dwarf by progression and promotion into the man. Turner has given us a defile such as chills our blood in old legends; and walling it out from man and heaven, slopes down from left to right, an enormous buttress of dun-coloured stone, an immense, blind, prison-wall rock, like the door of a giant's tomb. Below this, groping through rock and pine-trunks, creeps Jason, red-mantled, on his perilous quest. Nothing lights him but that scanty glimmer from the bare, sepulchral rock, stern as Destiny and terrible as Fate. As for Jason or Greek influences, there is nothing of them in the picture; but clothing the whole canvas is a nightmare, indistinct, universal sense of impending supernatural danger; and we hold our breath as we look, longing to shout to Jason to turn back and keep to the good light road.

*Ruin—Cattle in Water* (487).—This is the least interesting of the new batch of treasures. All we see is so many cows of a foggy brown colour, just as indistinct as in any bad Dutch painting, only that the brown is somewhat rich and transparent. The ruin is an old wall, and no more; and as for glory of colour, the rainbow is here quite ignored. This is a mere ruin in a sea of mud, and has little interest for the Art eye, unless as a proof of the dull clay from which Turner afterwards soared to heaven.

*Scene from Boccaccio* (507).—This is a downright failure, utterly flat, stale and unprofitable; yet, strange enough, it was painted only a year before the 'Polyphemus,' and it seems the husk of an old system, from which the flame-coloured, blue-winged moth was soon to rise and astonish the sun. There is nothing here of Boccaccio's grace or humour. Fiammetta is a dirty fish-woman, and the ladies and gallants look as if they had caught the Florentine plague before they ran away from it. The light is brown; the ground, sand; the trees do not wave, and the sky is naught. A Greenwich-fair representation of a royal banquet could not present a more dismal masquerade than this melancholy picture, which must have been painted to order in a fit of extreme biliousness and during a November fog.

*Regulus leaving Rome* (519) is a mere dream of light, but still a very noble dream of regal cities inundated with the splendour of ineffable sunlight. An intense white radiance beams from the centre of the picture; and to this focus the whole converges, to the entire forgetfulness of Regulus, and the unpleasant cask and the Carthaginian ten-penny nails, of which we are so yawningly tired. Yet, even in all this glory there is still the struggle of blue and red, hot and cold, with all the delicate chromatic alternations and contrasts in which the great colourist was wont to revel. There is a radiance on the beach, and a glow of red on the scarlet robe that covers the oyster-pot, and there is a green, embrowned soft shadow on the houses, with their countless windows, loops, and cornices. Everywhere—dim through the glory, and bright through the luminous dusk—there is an implication of splendour and a growing delight which will expand to we know not what regalities. Behind that white veil there is, the merest country gaper can see, a Holy of Holies—a store of Roman trophies—an epitome of the world's pride and wealth. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing momentary action in painting or sculpture, but here is a miracle—a momentary light fixed eternal on the frail canvas.

*The Visit to the Tomb* (555) is another grand illumination—a world, lit by all the wonders of the planets; but we must leap at once to the great triumph of Turner's imaginative pictures, his *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*, which is an epitome of all the beauty of Italy—river, sky, ruins, mountains, and plain—of its crimes, too, for Turner has hinted at its foolish virgins, its dissolute priests, and cruel assassins. We call this the grandest of Turner's imaginative pictures, because while it is the one most entirely composite, it is the one most entirely truthful. It is sheer remembrance and patchwork, yet it is without visible rent or seam from throat to skirt, it has no faulty join discernible, shows good as an entire and stainless thing,

a very epic of invention of Art, and radiant with a universe of colours. We need scarcely describe a picture that is formless as a vision, and as infinitely Plot or centre it has none, unless you call the centre the dancing-girls in the foreground, madly bitten with the Tarantula, dancing between the rimmed tambourines and piles of fruit, swollen melons and the gushing purple of grapes. There are lovers sighing and vowing beautiful falsehoods, and slim Harlequins astonishing dark eyes with the swiftness of their twinkling feet. Under this bunch of flowers, as ever in Italy, lurks the snake. To the left, in the shadow of a dim cave, lurks the jealous rival, dagger in hand—too like Guy Fawkes but that might be an accident. The priest in the brown frock whispering the girl should not be forgotten, for milestone-piercing critics may see in that priest of the uncertain outline more than we see, and more perhaps than even Turner saw. Still we leave the dummies with little regret, to fly to the ruins on the hill, to the island, to the bridge that leaps to it, to the mountains and the great blue ocean of sky. There is a perfect empire of beauty in those distances, faintly amethyst and crystalline. Here, to the left, spikes up the alce, below trails the fig. Supremely Italian is the great stone pine, with its inverted pyramid of black greenness and its coppery, scaly shaft. Could any one but Turner have given such a world in five feet square of canvas? Canvas that might have been a sack of a sack, is now glorified and worth its thousands.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—We place the following suggestion at the service of photographers:—

"81, West Street, Brighton, Nov. 24.  
"It is good news to learn that those magnificent works of Raphael, the Cartoons, have had some care bestowed upon them, by making them more available in case of fire. As they can now be placed in advantageous lights, I would call attention to the great boon that might be afforded to lovers of Art and students if some enterprising photographer were to publish a set of impressions from them. It cannot be said that any of the engravings from them are very satisfactory:—Holloway's are much too black. I am, &c. W. B. MORGAN."

Messrs. Foster, the auctioneers, have dispensed during the week a fine collection of water-colour drawings. The sale cleared upwards of a thousand pounds. The gem of the collection was Turner's 'Windermere,'—of which the engraving is well known. After a spirited competition, it was bought, by Mr. Gambart, for 255 guineas. A few of the miscellaneous pieces and prices may be put on record:—Six tinted drawings, by Turner, from Dr. Monro's Collection, 27l. 8s.; a set of four drawings, in sepia, from the 'Man of Fashion,' by Frith, 16½ guineas; Copley Fielding, 'Cumberland Mountains,' 'Blea Tarn,' and a 'Scene in Glenfloh,' 25l. 13s.; C. Stanfield, 'The Gallant Act,' 25 guineas; S. Prout, 'Cologne,' and 'Strasbourg,' evening effect, 21 guineas; W. Hunt, 'Purple and Green Grapes,' 31 guineas; G. Catermole, 'Newark Castle,' a grand landscape, 15 guineas; 'The Fruit-stall,' a drawing by W. Hunt, 14 guineas; P. De Wint, 'A Landscape,' with extensive distance; 'A View in Lincolnshire,' the companion; 'A Landscape,' river scene with cattle, &c.; and 'Merton College, Oxford,' 27l. 11s.; J. D. Harding, 'Aurillac,' south of France, a drawing, engraved in the 'South of France,' and 'Bologna,' another drawing engraved in Byron's works, 30 guineas; Fred. Taylor, 'Shooting Pony and Dogs,' 32 guineas; Copley Fielding, 'Cromer, on the Norfolk Coast;—The Head of Windermere,' and 'A Mountain Scene in Wales,'—these drawings, in his fine early manner, are signed and dated 1815, 33l. 5s.; P. F. Poole, 'The Rustic Toilet,' 28 guineas; D. Roberts, 'Strada d'Alcala, Madrid,' 32 guineas; W. Hunt, 'Grapes, Plums, &c.,' 57 guineas; P. De Wint, 'A Scene on the Thames, and 'A Corn Field,' 24 guineas.

The celebrated painter, Baron Charles de Steuben, has died, at Paris, in his sixty-eighth year. The monument which the town of La Flèche erects to the memory of Henry the Fourth is nearly finished. The statue represents the King in war

N° 1518, like costume the identical Louvre. In document re of La Flèche  
MUSIC  
Concerto in Op. 16. (S. Mr. S. Wal Pianoforte confirmed its appearance in among the c likeness of their wri yet to take bears propo on it. No one which is so long in there are in the chasm bridge it, a difference b of the crev unreal and The opening Concerto is played. We almost lical phras set singulie —did the s vary the movement the interest which mark notonously how Chopin an interesting by the ne brought in like Beetho and yet Be fat and C Shakespear themes.—I vigour is not above stric ance" which much cover ness:—by aiding Mr. twist remi works to encourage this is to ning—by large, or a  
The Vil Harp (the two).—S companion Cheshire, former pri us.—Wen Calkin.  
Sonata pu mit the there is no the work, No. 1, the second pa the form of by repeat approved variety of Rondo, a three mo several s jewelled E —"Oh, tu —"Oh,



like costume. The sword has been modelled after the identical sword of Henry, which is kept in the Louvre. In his right hand the King holds the document referring to the foundation of the College of La Flèche.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Concerto in E flat for the Pianoforte, with Accompaniment for full Orchestra.* By S. W. Waley. Op. 16. (Schott & Co.)—The judgment passed on Mr. S. Waley's merits as a composer, when his *Pianoforte Trio* was mentioned (*ante*, p. 1376), is confirmed in every respect by his *Concerto*. The appearance of two such careful and important productions in succession almost removes him from among the category of amateurs; while the family likeness which they bear indicates the present limits of their writer's talent, and the step which he has yet to take ere the goodness of the work produced bears proportion to the amount of labour bestowed on it. No step seems so short as that very last one which lies betwixt *almost* and *altogether*—none is so long in being taken, and so hard to take; and there are many who remain on the wrong side of the chasm—not so much because they cannot bridge it, as because they will not see that the difference betwixt the worlds on the different sides of the crevice is, the difference betwixt what is unreal and what is real—betwixt praise and glory. The opening phrase of the *Allegro* to Mr. Waley's *Concerto* is bold and good, as we said on hearing it played. We would not reckon with him too closely for its almost literal identity with the sharp and rhythmic phrase which opens the chorus 'L'aventure est singulière,' in the first act of 'Les Huguenots,'—did the second subject in any respect appear or vary the interest of the movement.—The slow movement is pleasing, but too long drawn—denied the interest of various episodes; and the pulsation which marks it from first to last is somewhat monotonously sustained. Let Mr. Waley recollect how Chopin (who was yet no *Concerto* writer) gave an interest to the *Largo* of his *Concerto* in F minor, by the new and yet not heterogeneous feature brought in in the midst of the movement. In music like Beethoven's such devices are less indispensable; and yet Beethoven's variety in his *Largos* to the *E flat* and *C minor* *Concertos* is as remarkable as the Shakespearean felicity and distinctness of their themes.—In Mr. Waley's *Rondo* the amount of vigour is not commensurate with the vivacity.—The above strictures are offered without that "allowance" which, so long as it is conceded, is only so much covert or courteous admission of incompleteness.—by offering them, we are doing our part in aiding Mr. Waley to cross the cleft which lies betwixt reminiscence and attempt, and creation. He works too honestly, not to be worth any trouble in encouraging him to perfect his work thoroughly. This is to be done by beginning from the beginning—by only writing when the thoughts are clear, large, or admit of novelty of treatment.

*The Village Fête—Simplicity: Rhapsodie for the Harp* (the latter perhaps the better lesson of the two)—"So pure, so bright": a *Song with Harp Accompaniment*—(Boosey & Sons)—are by Mr. John Cheahire, and in some respects are an advance on former productions by him that have come before us.—We may here speak of some music by Mr. J. B. Calkin. *Les Trois Graces* (Op. 12) are virtually a *Sonata* published in three separate numbers, to suit the enfeebled digestion of our times. Yet there is nothing so harsh, so crude, so scientific in the work, as to justify the disparaging of it. In No. 1, the *Allegro Moderato*, a second subject or a second part seem wanting—the movement having the form of some Italian *Cavatina*, which proceeds by repeating themes once given, rather than the approved symphonic shape, to mould which implies variety of fancy and resource in learning. The *Rondo, Allegro Scherzando*, is the best of the three movements. Besides the above, we have several songs:—"The Maiden's Reply,"—"No jewelled Beauty is my Love" (best of the collection),—"Oh, turn not away,"—"The Two Locks of Hair,"—"Oh wake, dearest, wake,"—"The rippling

brook,"—by the same author, issued by the same publishers (Wessel & Co.).

A *Choral Book: containing a Selection of Tunes employed in the English Church, &c.* By Henry Smart. (Boosey & Sons.)—We like the larger portion of these half-hundred tunes. We like, too, the style in which they have been harmonized; the motion and play of the inner parts being sufficient to give variety without disturbance. Our sympathies go with Mr. Henry Smart when he designates the severity of note against note, in Protestant psalmody, as "Gothic,"—but the counter mode of treatment may be very easily pushed to excess, as all must know who are familiar with the psalm-tunes of Webbe the elder. These are distinct in melody, and ingenious as pieces of part-writing, but so broken up, dove-tailed, and incessantly restless as to be beyond the reach of congregational singers, and when executed by a picked choir, to fail from want of massiveness. What we like least in this volume are the German tunes, which, as was said when Mr. Weber's clever book of Psalmody was treated, are noble and expressive when heard in their own land and in its language, but have a stiff, over-sea sound when persuaded (or forced) into union with the words of the English Psalter. And why is this entitled a "*Choral Book*," we must ask, except in obedience to a bad fashion? With us the word was an adjective long ere it became a noun, brought in to supersede the old-fashioned "hymn tune." A symphony might, in English, be just as legitimately called "an orchestral," or an opera "a dramatic." Moreover, the affectation has been worn threadbare; so that it is time to lay it aside.

OLYMPIC.—This theatre has lately been resting on a reputation which has been fairly earned. On Monday, however, a new piece was produced, under the title of 'Jones, the Avenger,' adapted from the French of 'Le Massacre d'un Innocent,' by MM. Varin and Marc-Michel. It is merely a vehicle for the genius of Mr. Robson to revel in, and the actor avails himself of the privilege to the fullest extent. The comic phase of the tragic, losing nothing of its earnestness while exaggerated to absurdity, finds in him an artist of unparalleled excellence, whose triumph is so indisputable that even envy is silent. But the position thus attained is not without disadvantages. There is too much harping on one string. Characters are fitted to the actor's supposed speciality, instead of the actor's powers being enlarged by parts requiring a variety of gifts. That Mr. Robson is capable of a wide range in the drama is certain, and the sphere of his effort should accordingly be extended. The situations of the new piece are as appalling as they are whimsical. *Raphael N. Jones*, for so is the Artist and Avenger named, is burdened with his dying uncle's charge to avenge his wrongs on one Tomlinson, whose boot alone remains for his identification. Tomlinson, a watchmaker, is supposed to be the man, and Jones is strongly tempted to assassinate him. He makes successive attempts to poison him, to brain him with a club, to break his neck down stairs, and to hurl him from a window;—but these expedients are vain. He then induces him by a wager to swim across the Thames with a clock round his neck, and believes that he has sunk to the bottom. Then commence the horrors of his remorse, equally intense and ludicrous,—alike terrible and mirth provoking. We know, of course, that the man is not drowned, and laugh at the odd motives and exaggerated fears of the conscience-stricken little fellow, whose undignified sorrows are not justified by any real danger. This species of drama, it will be seen, reflects the age of *shams* in which it is produced;—for the basis of its effect is sham, nothing but sham. Unreality is the element in which the interest floats, and mere temporary stage-effect is the only end at which it aims. A strong sensation, however, is excited; and Mr. Robson is, as we have said, really great in the expression of the feelings proper to the two situations of the plot.

Previous to the farce, a revival of one of Mrs. Inchbald's comedies was performed;—perhaps the best of her plays, at any rate the most successful

—viz., 'Wives as they were and Maids as they are.' The natural simplicity of Mrs. Inchbald's style may well make her works perennial, and a more judicious revival could not have been selected. The manner in which it was acted is highly creditable to the management. Mrs. Stirling was, of course, brilliant as *Miss Dorrillon*; the *Lady Mary Raffle* of Miss Herbert was lively; and the *Lady Priory*, by Miss Swanborough, was, as she ought to be, an eminently respectable person. The last lady was well supported by Mr. Addison as her lord; and the *Sir William Dorrillon* of Mr. Frederick Vining was marked with all the steadiness of an old actor; in the latter scenes with something more—with pathos and some fine acting. The vivacious *roué, Bronzely*, had a well-qualified representative in Mr. George Vining; and Mr. G. Murray, in *Sir George Evelyn*, was frequently effective. Altogether, we were pleased with the performance, and so were the audience, who decreed at the end an ovation to all who had been concerned in it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The growth of choral music in our metropolis during the past quarter of a century is statistically set forth in the Letter to the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society on the Handel Festival at Sydenham. Take, for instance, the following statement and table:—

The Sacred Harmonic Society has in the twenty years, from June, 1836, to June, 1856, given in the large hall, Exeter Hall, 344 performances. It will be a moderate calculation to place the audiences attending these Concerts (exclusive of the orchestra, stewards, &c., which may be taken at 700 more for each concert) at 650,000 persons.

—Let us now look at the provincial musical meetings,—the attendances at which are tabulated as under:—

6 Westminster Abbey.....	1784 to 1791.....	60,000
1 ditto.....	1834.....	30,000
4 York Minster.....	1823 to 1835.....	90,000
4 Edinburgh.....	1813 to 1843.....	32,000
11 Norwich.....	1824 to 1854.....	88,000
25 Birmingham.....	1769 to 1855.....	180,000
4 Chester.....	1806 to 1829.....	
7 Derby.....	1810 to 1831.....	
1 Dublin.....	1831.....	
8 Liverpool.....	1813 to 1849.....	
2 Manchester.....	1828 to 1836.....	
2 Bradford.....	1853 & 1856.....	

Total.....630,000

To this may be added (the calculators continue) some 370,000 persons, who have attended the 132 meetings of the three-choir Festivals of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, making in all a million of auditors for mixed performances throughout all England during a century and a quarter past to be set against upwards of 700,000 hearers of sacred music convened during twenty years, in London, by one Society alone. The difference betwixt the two sums, we imagine, could be readily furnished by the registers of the attendances at other choral concerts in London during the past twenty years.

We understand that a new Oratorio, by Mr. Henry Leelle, is in a state of forwardness.

We have heard *Signor* Millardi since this day week. He has a pleasing tenor voice, but must be cautioned against forcing it in compliance with the bad fashion of our times, when almost every young singer seems bent on always performing a vocal version of the fable of the "Frog and the Ox";—it is of no use in him to add an "i" to his name so long as the *a*, *e*, *o*, and *u* which come out of his mouth are so little Italian in their sound.—M. Jullien's bills on Monday announced two new Ladies—Signora Elisa Poma and Miss Juliana May,—both put forward as *prime donne* from the opera-houses of Italy,—both, says Rumour, engaged by Mr. Lumley for his next season. Miss Juliana May, an American Lady, appeared on Tuesday evening last.

In addition to the floods of music nightly poured out at *Her Majesty's Theatre* and *Drury Lane*, there have this week been tricklings from other rills, none the less interesting because on a smaller scale,—among others, a chamber concert by Mr. Benson, who some years since indiscreetly slipped out of his capital position as second tenor, and who never seems to have been able to recover it.



A pleasant glee air was given to his entertainment. *Miss Dolby's* first *Soirée*, too, has been held. At this she was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Miss Moss, Mr. Barnby, Herr H. Bohrer, Messrs. Biagrove and Lucas. The novelty was her singing of two of M. Meyerbeer's forty Melodies.

The following is from our Correspondent in Naples, dated November 17:—"All Naples is talking of a new 'opera-buffa,' by Signor Pappalardo, entitled 'Atrabile.' It was acted for the first time at the *Teatro Nuovo* last Wednesday night, and met with immense success,—the *maestro* having been called for by the public seven times, and, after the first act especially, having been applauded again and again, most enthusiastically. It was again performed on the two following nights, with the same success,—Signor Pappalardo having been called for one-and-twenty times on Friday last. For the present, therefore, there is a kind of 'furore' for the author, and his portrait is exhibited in our windows."—The readers of the *Athenæum* know that we have had for some years our eyes upon Signor Pappalardo, and that more than one Correspondent has addressed us in regard to his instrumental works and earlier studies. May his success turn out something real.

English believers in Herr Wagner's genius, whether they be few or many, will be interested to hear (on the authority of a friend freshly arrived from Germany) that three of his four "Nibelungen" dramas, with music, are finished, and that the quartet is to be completed in 1859. It is contemplated, adds our informant, to produce them festival-wise,—that is, in two morning and as many evening performances. This, we imagine, may settle the question of frequent possible execution, supposing that they are to be produced with scenery, action, costumes, chorus, and orchestra. Whether so large an appeal to the sympathy of congregation was ever before made by musical composer we doubt. Meanwhile, Romanticism appears slack and strange in its progress, so far as we can gather. Foreign journals report that the concerts given in memory of Dr. Schumann have generally been failures, and especially so at Leipzig. The Leipzig public has proved itself ungraciously fickle. When the 'Elijah' was performed there for the first time, and after Mendelssohn's death, too, the concert-room was only partly filled! The cry was then for Dr. Schumann, who is their great man for the moment.—A new Symphony, by Herr *Concertmeister* Rietz, is described to us as good. Would not this be worth inquiring for by our Philharmonic Society, supposing that strange body should ever again inquire for new Symphonies?—Cologne journals speak in the highest terms of a new *Cantata* by Herr Ferdinand Hiller which has just been produced there.—Lastly, we are informed, too, that the Leipzig publishers, in distress for something new (and, apparently, not finding the music of the future saleable), are ransacking the stores of the elder writers,—the most familiar of whose works when reprinted find a readier acceptance than the strangest productions of the time present.—New oratorios—by M. Rubinstein, Herren Emil Naumann and Hiller—are talked of; but we cannot hear of the name even of any great new player on any instrument.

The *Gazette Musicale* gives account of a manuscript, the other day brought to light in the Library of Dijon, containing two hundred *Chansons* of the fifteenth century, and partially illuminated. The composers, whose names are mentioned, are Dunstable (described as a Scotchman, born in 1458), Busnoys, Tinctoris, Okeghem, Caron, Barbinguant, Hayne, Loyset Compere, and Morten.

Mr. W. Knivett, one of our oldest glee-singers and glee-arrangers,—a holder, too, of a cathedral and a court appointment (the latter as composer to the Chapel Royal),—has died in the Isle of Wight since this day week, at a very advanced age. He was one of a musical family, and a man of some accomplishments and knowledge in his art, though somewhat exclusively devoted to the older writers. As a singer, he belonged to the school of high-finishers,—among whom a scarcely-

audible *pianissimo*, a long-drawn shake, and any amount of slackened *tempo* sufficed; and it was a trial to those of a younger generation to hear Handel's noble *contralto* songs handed over, as they were too often on festival occasions, to his counter-tenor voice, from which hardly ever word was heard, and which never seemed to come to an end. It is like a dream to think that such things were. For a time Mr. W. Knivett acted as conductor of the Ancient Concerts, and conducted one, if not more, of the York Minster Festivals. In the course of his long career, which included his marriage with a favourite Handelian vocalist, Mr. W. Knivett honourably gathered a competence,—on which he retired many years since. In private, he was esteemed as an amiable and intelligent man.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Corrupt English.*—I draw your attention to the use of undoubted English words in an unwarranted sense. Of this perversion I proceed to give a few examples. 1. It is hardly necessary to allude to the strange laxity of meaning, almost equal to that of the French *jolie*, with which, though more in talking than in writing, the word *nice* is used. To restrain this laxity, and, if possible, to prevent it from spreading to serious writing, it is necessary to remember that the sole meaning of *nice* is fastidious, or of delicate taste, as a *nice* man, or something requiring such delicacy to be perceived, as a *nice* distinction. 2. It is an error not uncommon to use *hung*, to signify put to death as our criminals are. Now the verb to *hang*, when used in this sense, has its past participle *hanged*, never *hung*. "The man was *hung*" means no more than that he was suspended, not necessarily by the neck or to death. "He was *hanged*" is the right phrase for his suffering the last punishment. The sentence is, "to be *hanged*," not to be *hung*. 3. *Infamous* is sometimes perversely used to signify *very bad*, in place of *very bad fame*, which is its only true meaning. Conduct or treatment is often described as infamous, while, though it may have deserved to be infamous, yet it was not, being little known or even secret. However bad, it must acquire bad repute to become infamous. 4. The abuse of the word *party* is a great scandal of our common speech and writing. It most disallowably supplants the simpler word *person*. It is idiomatic indeed to speak of the party to a suit or to an agreement; but it should never be forgotten that, otherwise, *party* means a combination of persons, and that where there is no such combination meant, its use is vulgar. 5. The word *such* is sometimes used with a vicious latitude of meaning, as if it were a substantive or a pronoun. It is an adjective, and, besides, does not indicate any abstract quality, and therefore cannot be used without a substantive either expressed or clearly understood. It means of *this* or *that kind*, like *something else*; in short, is the equivalent of the Latin *talis*, and can have no greater latitude of use. Indeed it must have less, from its want of gender. I inclose a strange example of the abuse of this word, an advertisement appended by Mr. C. Knight to the last number of 'Little Dorritt.' He makes "such work" do duty for "the former work"—not at all meaning work like that to which he refers, but the very same, it, which therefore he absurdly terms *such*. 6. I must reckon it simply an abuse of language to apply the title *Lord*, enjoyed by the younger sons of dukes and marquesses, to their surnames. It applies, as strictly as the title *Sir* of a baronet, to the Christian name. If for brevity one name be suppressed, it must be the surname, not the Christian. It may be thought needless to notice so gross an error, but to justify my so doing I must remark that Mr. Dickens, when describing one of his characters, Lord Alfred Verisopht, perpetually calls him Lord Verisopht, instead of Lord Alfred.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B.—W. C.—F.—E. R.—B.—K.—G. O.—J. D. L.—W. L.—R. S. G.—C. T.—Anti-Income Tax.—T. R. J. P.—received.  
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